American West

The land and its people

May/June 1982 $3

WILD BIRDS OF AMERICA By BASIL EDE

RUDDY DUCKS
by Basil Ede
Image size: 22¾"h. × 30½"w. Overall size: 28¾"h. × 36½"w.

A COLLOTYPE print in a limited edition of 750
$300.00 signed & numbered—$400.00 signed, numbered & remarqued

World-renowned Basil Ede, whose beautifully detailed bird portraits have won wide acclaim in the world of fine arts, has been commissioned by The Warner Collection of Gulf States Paper Corporation to paint a new *Wild Birds of America* series, a monumental project which has not been attempted since John James Audubon painted more than 150 years ago. To date, Basil Ede has completed 55 original paintings for The Warner Collection of which 26 have been published and released as strictly limited edition prints, never to be reissued. Numbered, approved and signed by the artist, these exquisite life-size portraits are being offered to the discriminating collector, with a guarantee of complete satisfaction.

THE WARNER COLLECTION OF GULF STATES PAPER CORPORATION, P.O. BOX 3199-BR, TUSCALOOSA AL 35404, (205) 553-6200
Send for our full color catalogue of available prints: $3.00
©Gulf States Paper Corp. 1982

ILLUSTRATION BY M. HARDESTY

TO: OUR COMPLIMENTARY COPY FOLKS

Advertising 40/60 Editorial

That's an important ratio to us and to you as an advertiser. For you it means that AMERICAN WEST's pages remain uncluttered and that we give your advertisement effective exposure to nearly 400,000 readers. That's a guarantee!

To us it means that with the tremendous growth of our advertising pages in the past year we are able to portray even more of the historical and contemporary West to our readers who look to AMERICAN WEST as the authority on the West. Our expanding editorial content is acknowledged and supported by our readers, too. This is what we hear:

"I'm particularly pleased with the editorial product and the new look AMERICAN WEST has taken on with the addition of four-color to the feature articles. There is only one thing better than looking forward to my copy of AMERICAN WEST every other month, and that is looking forward to the time when the magazine will be published monthly."

James D. McCoy
Media and Research Director
Broyles, Allebaugh & Davis, Inc.

Our Market/Your Market

With the diversified interests and purchasing power of AMERICAN WEST readers, the success of our advertisers is not limited to any single market. Take these success stories:

TRAVEL—Red Rock Park ran an advertisement in our January/February issue for Heritage Canyon, a family-theme park in New Mexico. Martin Link, Red Rock's Manager, began receiving requests for information on January 2, only a few days after the issue was mailed. He was particularly impressed by the number of responses and geographic distribution of our readers: "I was anticipating regional responses and received national."

HOME FURNISHINGS—Barry Holfelder of Holfelder Gallery advertised a hand-painted ceramic lamp in

our March/April issue. He, too, received immediate responses beginning on March 2, that included not only inquiries but several orders for the lamp through the mail as a direct result of the advertisement.

ART GALLERIES—Silvie-Gordy of Oregon Trail Fine Arts Gallery has an interesting story to tell. In our January/February issue her ad featured a bronze sculpture of Lewis Wetzel. Unfortunately, her copywriter spelled the first name as Louis. Not only did she hear from numerous fans ready to relate their knowledge of this famous frontiersman, she also heard from several readers correcting her on the spelling!

Mrs. Gordy's story is a tribute to the longevity of AMERICAN WEST. When we spoke to her in March, she was still receiving inquiries about her January advertisement. She was also pleased with the geographic reach of her AMERICAN WEST ad. According to Mrs. Gordy AMERICAN WEST brings her an audience on the East coast she has not been able to reach through any other publication.

Compare Us

How do we compare to other publications? We invite you to compare our price, audience, and quality to any other magazine on the market today. With our 100,000 paid circulation AMERICAN WEST offers more exposure and response from consumers for less advertising dollars than comparable magazines. Our advertisers will vouch for that:

"The response to our advertisement of Hal Sutherland's prints in AMERICAN WEST was outstanding. The replies we received per advertising dollar far exceeded that of any other periodicals we have used, and we have tried a number."

J. F. Elliott
Lutisha Press

"When we compared the sales results for our client Museum Collections... AMERICAN WEST outsold its competition by 800%!!!"

Rhoda Berke
Media Management Inc.

"Your success is also Northland's success. We have received very positive results from advertising in your publication."

Linda Andrews
Publisher
Northland Press

We invite you to join the ranks of advertisers who have successfully marketed their products to the nearly 400,000 readers of AMERICAN WEST. Our readers travel frequently, participate in outdoor sports, avidly collect Western and contemporary art, and have a median income of $28,742.

The closing date for our July/August issue is May 14; so, let's hear from you soon. Enough said. Enjoy AMERICAN WEST, the authoritative magazine of the old West, spirited magazine of the new West.

"VISION" 30 X 22
Edition of 99 plus 10 A. P.
Retail $195.00

A TRIBUTE TO THE PRESERVATION OF
A NOBLE HERITAGE, BY

LENORE BÉRAN

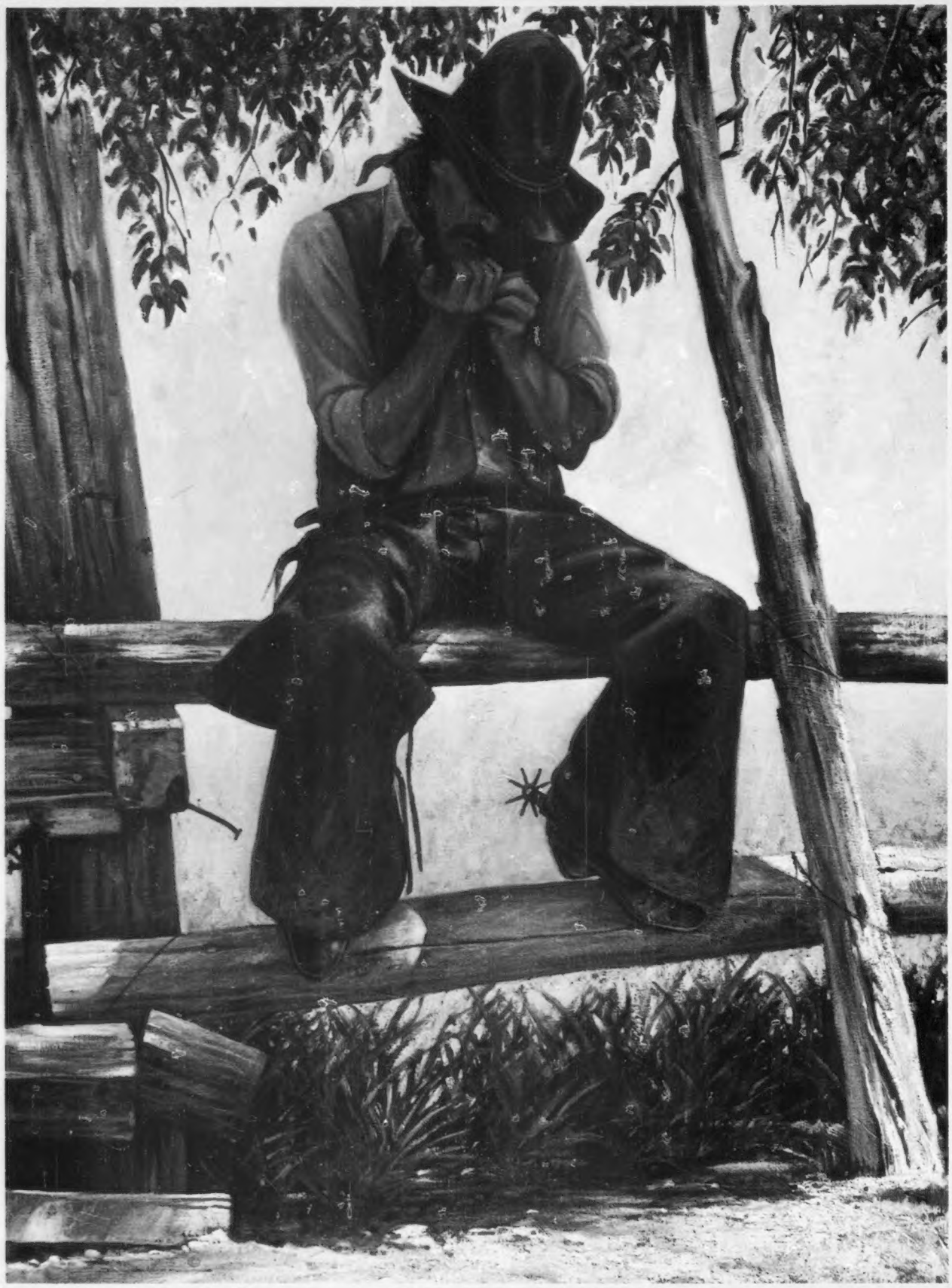
ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHS WITH EMBOSSING
hand pulled on Arches 100% rag paper

"LESSONS FROM THE PAST" 22 X 30
edition of 150 plus 15 A. P.
Retail $175.00

TO ORDER WRITE: L. BERAN, 7332 CAMELLIA AVE., NO. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 91605

ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER, INCLUDE $4.00 SHIPPING & HANDLING
CALIF. RESIDENTS ADD 6% SALES TAX

Dan Bodelson



Limited Edition Print
999 S/N 50AP

"SPLINTER"

29" x 22"
$95.00

Dan Bodelson - *A new artist that's "A good bet to invest in"* according to *Business Week Magazine* (December 28, 1981). He has captured the working cowboy at a moment of rest in the beautiful simplicity of "SPLINTER." Dan is truly an artist of great versatility who provides enjoyment and a good investment in original art and now, also, in limited edition prints.

DEALERS WELCOME

7106 Main Street
Scottsdale, Arizona 85251

TROY'S GALLERY

Director: Charles Splittorff
602/941-9041

American West

May/June 1982 Vol. XIX, No. 3

PHOTO BY JACK RICHARD STUDIO. BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Cover

Horse Crupper

Crow, c. 1880–1885

Peter Matthiessen's appealing essay "Native Earth," in this issue, extols the unity of everyday life with art, nature, and religion. On our cover we present a beautiful example of the way that American Indians integrated art with practical aspects of daily living. Crafted with appeal both to the eye and the ear, this decorated Crow horse crupper was used to hold the saddle in position. On a rigid foundation to keep it in place, the crupper was tied at the small ends to the back of the saddle. The narrow beaded band connecting the two sections was passed under the horse's tail so that the crupper extended around the animal's hindquarters. Almost one hundred years old, this Crow crupper was made of deerskin rear-sections and commercially tanned fore-sections. In addition to beadwork and fringe, the trimming consists of trade cloth and danglers with pewter spoons serving as flat bells. As George P. Horse Capture, Curator of the Plains Indian Museum in Cody, Wyoming, remarks, "All of these elements made the item functional, pretty to the eye, and pretty to the ear." In man's search for a "whole" life, the attitudes of traditional peoples may be inspiring.

20 **Smoking Ozark Style**
by Michael Wallis
Corncob pipes, an American tradition

26 **Human Values and Hometown Snapshots**
by Stewart L. Udall
Early days in St. Johns

34 **Nicolai Fechin**
by George Schriever
Russian artist in the American West

44 **Native Earth**
by Peter Matthiessen
Man's harmony with his surroundings

50 **Art Fry: Klondike Miner**
by Norm Bolotin
Eldorado still yields gold

52 **The Great Bone War**
by Michael McNierney
O. C. Marsh and Edward Drinker Cope in the West

4 **Editor's Notes**

6 **Letters to the Editor**

12 **Western Lookout**

14 **Gourmet & Grub**

18 **Hidden Inns & Lost Trails**

68 **The American West Review**

70 **Western Books in Brief**

80 **Western Snapshots**

AMERICAN WEST (ISSN 0003-1534) is published in January, March, May, July, September, and November by the American West Publishing Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Association, a nonprofit educational organization, Mrs. Henry H. R. Coe, chairman. Editorial, circulation and advertising offices are reached at Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717. Newsstand price: $3. Back issues: $5. Subscriptions: one year $15; two years $25; three years $35 (outside U.S. and Canada $3 per year extra). Manuscripts should be sent to the above address. Subscription correspondence and orders should be sent to Box 1960, Marion, Ohio 43305. However, members of the Western History Association should address communications regarding subscriptions to William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557. AMERICAN WEST will consider, but assumes no responsibility for, unsolicited material.

Copyright © 1982 by the American West Publishing Company.

Second-class postage paid at Tucson, Arizona, and additional post offices. **Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to AMERICAN WEST, Box 1960, Marion, Ohio 43305.**

Editor's Notes

A part of my first Spring in Arizona I spent hiking and camping on the high mesas of the Kaiparowits Plateau and walking in the deep tributary canyons of the Escalante River of southern Utah. In those long shady clefts of red sandstone (deep sand muffling each step, an azure slice of sky spanning the high walls), I found myself listening for a whisper out of the silence.

It wasn't the occasional, plaintive call of canyon wrens doing their acrobatic tricks overhead; it wasn't the bright naiads singing from a hidden water seep; it wasn't the periodic rush of warm desert air that blew down from some hanging side-canyon—for these things served only to heighten the sense of silence—but the sound that I have since come to know occurs at the point where a human presence in a wild place joins the presence of the place itself.

Except in the hollow of the night, beside a campfire where the flames threw up a security cave of light around our camping party, there was rarely any nonessential talk. During the day we would walk together for silent hours with only the rhythm of breathing and footfalls connecting us. Even occasional pauses to drink at a spring or to share some of our collective food passed with a minimum exchange of words. It was as if each of us had taken a vow of silence while we trekked together for those few days in the Escalante, listening.

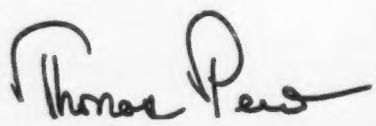
The feeling I had that Spring in the canyon was that I was walking or sitting in the bony labyrinth of earth's inner ear, that I was a tiny sounding stirrup capable of gathering all the living vibrations of the desert and slick rock and sky above me.

For lack of a simpler word I suppose one could describe the sensation of listening to the silence in such places as a form of meditation. But one should not be put off by the images of formal discipline and esoteric religions of the East which the word so frequently carries. Certainly in the canyons of the Escalante there was nothing exotic about this listening. It was as simple as leaning against a rock, as informal as walking in canyon shadows or lying down beneath the stars. The truth is, I am convinced, if one is just silent for a time in such places, the place itself calls us out of ourselves just as our lungs call for air, our bellies for food.

Throughout recorded history man has listened or not listened and, frequently, has attempted to formalize the listening into one form of religion or another, depending on the organization of his culture. Once the listening is organized and formalized, too often the individual gives up listening for himself, and priests or other interpreters of the silence attempt to supply answers, setting themselves up as the exclusive conduits of the silence. It is, of course, only a short step from this to putting the whole formal process to other uses by state or "church."

We have more in this issue of AMERICAN WEST on people who have built cultures around teaching the individual to listen for himself. The American Indian, as Peter Matthiessen describes in his essay "Native Earth," established numerous cultures based on both individual and collective listening. And Stewart Udall, in describing the little Arizona village of St. Johns where he grew up, tells us that in the open country where people's gaze runs to the horizon under the cloud pageants of the skies, man comes to a "semimystical attitude toward the land."

Both men decry the loss of cultures that listen, but truth is, an elegiac attitude toward this is not called for. Anyone can restore listening to his own life, and listening in those places where the land still permits it can win us back a skill, a capacity we haven't lost, only temporarily forgotten. It's the birthright of everyone, and we in the West are blessed with the places where we can exercise our birthright, where a quiet man being nothing more than a quiet man, can for a moment, become earth's tuning fork.



American West

Editor and Publisher
Thomas W. Pew, Jr.

Managing Editor
Mae Reid-Bills

Assistant Editors
Nancy Bell Rollings
Mary Gretchen Limper

Art Director and Production Manager
Debra K. Niwa

Art Assistant
Elizabeth Tang Herrick

General Manager
Douglas P. Newton

Business Manager
Barbara Ramsier

National Advertising Sales Director
Jonathan Stone

Advertising Sales
Fred Abrams
George S. Culp
Sands K. Spencer

Promotion Manager
L. Lisa Poglianich

Circulation Manager
S. Thomas Low, Jr.

Staff Assistant
Kristin L. Dolgaard-Shank

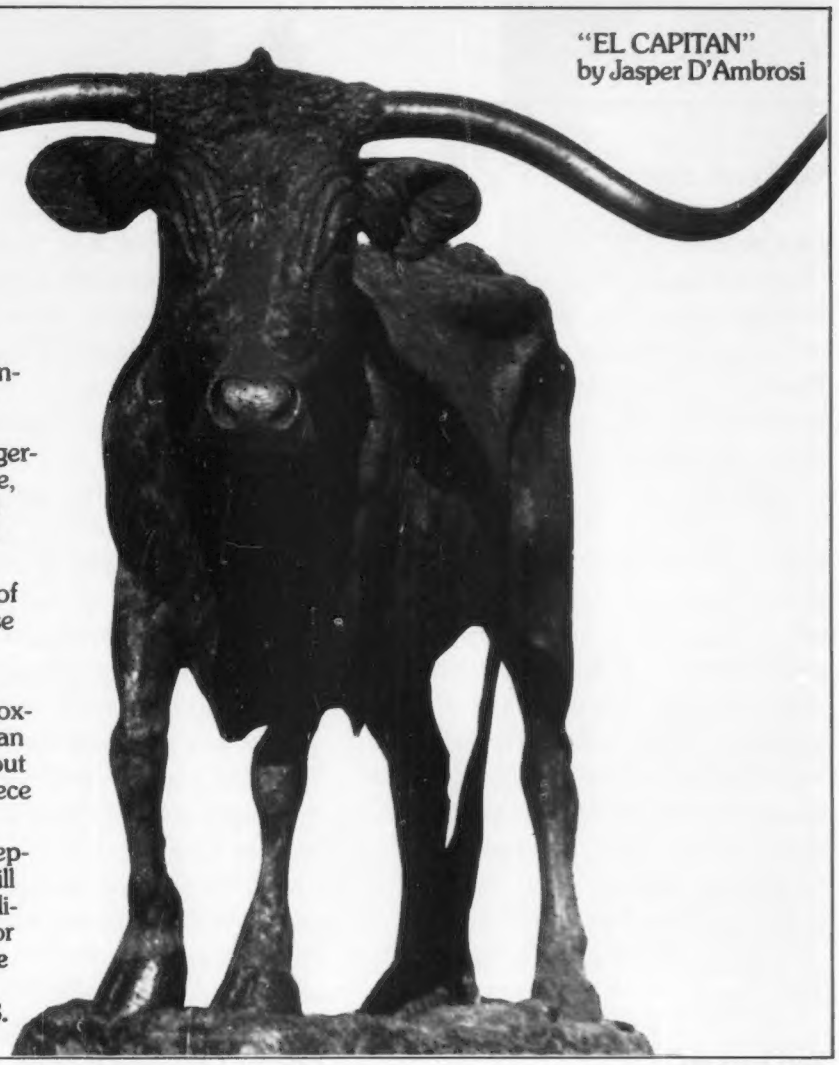
Director, Buffalo Bill Historical Center
Peter H. Hassrick

Consultants
Archibald M. Brown, Jr.
John D. Klingel

Western History Association Representative
Everett L. Cooley

Editorial Board
Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.
Peter E. Palmquist
Stan Steiner
George Schriever

Appointed by Western History Association:
Richard A. Bartlett
Richard Lowitt
Maxine Benson
C. L. Sonnichsen
Duane Smith
Frederick C. Luebke



"EL CAPITAN"
by Jasper D'Ambrosi

THE LONGHORN,

WILD, RUGGED and LEAN, gave Dodge City its place in American history as Queen of the Cowtowns. As a monument to this magnificent breed and the men who drove them, Boot Hill Museum, Inc., commissioned Jasper D'Ambrosi, a sculptor, of Tempe, Arizona, to create a larger-than-life-size statue of a Texas Longhorn steer. The statue, which we have named "EL CAPITAN," has been placed near Boot Hill in Dodge City, looking back down the trail toward his Texas range.

The small replica of "EL CAPITAN," in a limited edition of 100, is now being offered as a special investment for those who wish to commemorate the role of the Longhorn in one of the richest and most colorful eras of the West.

Cast by the lost wax method, each of the bronzes is approximately 21 inches long and 13 inches high with a horn span of 16 inches. With its walnut base, the bronze weighs about 35 pounds. Each purchase of a signed and numbered piece will be fully authenticated and certified.

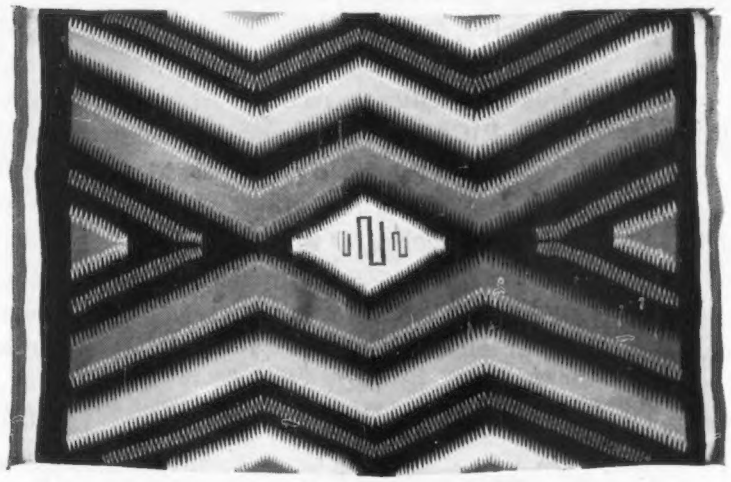
Priced at $3,600, proceeds from the sale of the Bronze replica of "EL CAPITAN" go directly to funding the Boot Hill Museum, a 501, (c) (3) private nonprofit corporation dedicated to the history of the American West. To order, or for more information, call or write **James Sherer, Executive Director at Boot Hill Museum, Inc., Front Street, Dodge City, Kansas 67801, Telephone (316) 227-8188.**

JUNE 18-JULY 9, 1982

FINE NAVAJO WEAVINGS
AWARD-WINNING INDIAN JEWELRY

THIS EXHIBITION HELD IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE TOH-ATIN / JACKSON DAVID COMPANY AND THE DURANGO COLLECTION

NOTED AUTHORITY MARK WINTER WILL PROVIDE
FREE APPRAISALS OF YOUR NAVAJO WEAVINGS.
PLEASE CALL OR WRITE FOR MORE INFORMATION.



Mongerson

FINE AMERICAN ART

PLEASE WRITE FOR A LIST OF AVAILABLE CATALOGS
620 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE CHICAGO 60611 (312) 943-2354

Letters

George R. Stewart

Dear Editor:

I should like to express my appreciation for Wallace Stegner's appreciation of George R. Stewart. I did not know Professor Stewart personally; to have known him as Stegner did must have been a privilege. I did have opportunity to know him through a number of his books, and they added a new dimension to my appreciation of American history, geography, and culture. His *U. S. Forty* still stands as the finest pictorial travelogue published on the American highway; to travel any familiar road after experiencing Stewart's descriptive insight in that book was to gain truly an uncommon perspective. Stewart as observer and as writer displayed unusual vision, and those who read his books gain much from the experience.

Leland L. Lengel
McPherson, Kansas

Seri baskets

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on your superb article about Seri Indian basketry in the January/February issue. It is so refreshing to see articles about American Indian culture other than stories about Navajo weaving, Pueblo jewelry, and R. C. Gorman. Not that these are not worthy topics in their own right, but I think that is all some publications know exists. I strongly encourage you to publish further articles about the Indian peoples of Mexico. Keep up the good work!

David Carbaugh
Niles, Ohio

Otter Creek, Montana

Dear Editor:

"The Song of Otter Creek," published in the January/February issue of your magazine, was a cruel mockery of the people who ranch on Otter Creek, and of the town of Otter, the center of the community, but certainly not the center of their lives.

Sara Gaskill, for example, never used the word "ain't" in her life. She is a highly intelligent, well-spoken, ranch widow, who did resort to her shotgun to remove the arrogant, intimidating Consolidated Coal Company resource people from her property. Her action was the kind that they understood, and they backed off.

The author of "The Song of Otter Creek" would bear investigating. The name, David Breskin, recalls a similar name in the newspaper business, a proponent of the destruction of the West for energy. Perhaps Mr. Breskin received compensation from the coal interests as well as your magazine for his disservice. By creating and fostering distrust among the people of Otter Creek and their neighbors the Cheyenne Indians, he might open a rift with which the Coal Company Public Relations Staff could manipulate entry on the Reservation or on Otter Creek or elsewhere.

The ranchers of Otter Creek don't hate the Cheyenne Indians, as Mr. Breskin indicates. There are fine, upstanding citizens among the Cheyennes, whom we intruding whites value for their integrity. We treasure their acceptance of us here in what was their land. We know why they fought to keep this land, and most of us have adopted their values. Of course, there are derelict, drunken Indians, but not nearly as many as there are derelict, drunken whites, and who in today's society really likes to be around a drunk, no matter the race?

AMERICAN WEST would do a real service if (1) they would investigate Mr. David Breskin and his fellow travelers before they publish his work. (2) They should certainly try to rectify the injustice done the Otter Creek ranchers and the Cheyenne Indians.

Patty Kluver
Forsyth, Mont.

Dear Editor:

Let us give three rousing cheers in support of Mardell Hogan, Crow Agency, Montana, for her comments (Letters, March/April). It is about time

(Continued on page 9)

AMERICAN WEST
is published by the
BUFFALO BILL
HISTORICAL CENTER
Cody, Wyoming

THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER is a nonprofit institution dedicated to preserving and exhibiting the heritage of the American West. It is also home of four major museums whose exhibits of art, ethnographic materials, and historic artifacts reflect more than one hundred years of America's colorful past. Together the museums at the Center offer an extensive view of frontier life.

The Buffalo Bill Museum, dedicated in 1927, holds the largest collection of Buffalo Bill material in the world. The Whitney Gallery of Western Art, begun in 1959, features masterworks of American painting and sculpture. The Plains Indian Museum, opened in 1969, brings to life the rich traditions of Native Americans in the West. And the Winchester Museum records the history of American firearms through the magnificent gun collection Oliver Winchester began in 1860.

Membership in the Center's Patrons' Association is open to anyone interested in America's Western heritage. Annual membership includes subscriptions to AMERICAN WEST and a quarterly newsletter, free museum admission, and discounts on museum publications. Categories are: Individual—$35, Family—$60, Centennial & Small Business—$100, Sponsor—$250, Sustaining—$500, Benefactor & Corporate—$1,000, Pahaska League—$2,000. Tax-deductible donations may be sent to Box 1000, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

Silver Sword™, an American tradition continues.

New Super-Sharp Silver Sword™ Lok-Back knives featuring stainless SwordSteel.™ The newest chapter in the 105 year story of Camillus excellence. Silver Sword™ knives are made tough, made right and made in America.

We dare you to compare our Lok-Back Silver Sword™ line with any other, regardless of name, regardless of price.

Silver Sword™
by Camillus
We still do it right

CAMILLUS CUTLERY COMPANY, Camillus, NY 13031

American woodcarver Al Sovansky continuing an American tradition with his Silver Sword.™

Berlitz® Cassette Course

What would you give to learn a second language? (Try $125.00) And what's it worth to your company?

There's a premium being paid for language-knowledge in the world today — and it's not only in the export trade. In multi-national companies, in major cities, even on the factory floor, a second language marks you as the potential spokesman, the well-educated executive, the man or the woman to ask about foreign ways.

Berlitz®, the world's best known language instructor, offers you in this delightful 50-lesson do-it-yourself course the opportunity to talk to people in their own language. Available in French, German, Italian, Spanish — it's yours for only $125.00.

Packaged solidly in a handsome executive attache case, the Berlitz Comprehensive Cassette Course contains:

1. Ten introductory lessons in a 90-minute long first cassette.
2. Forty additional lessons on five convenient 60-minute cassettes.
3. Six illustrated workbooks to use with the tapes.
4. A specially prepared, easy-to-use Rotary Verb Finder will help you with irregular verb forms — once you're ready for grammar.

For $125.00 choose the course you need to start talking as if you had always lived there. Use the coupon and order today.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE Try this Berlitz course for ten days. If you are not satisfied for any reason, simply return it, and obtain a complete refund. You take no risk, so order today.

For credit card orders dial toll-free, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week

☎ 1-800-228-2028 ext. 35 (Nebraska Residents Dial 402-571-4900)

Why not give us a ring—right now! (our expense), and **refer to Dept. 9846**

Complete and mail to:

BERLITZ PUBLICATIONS, INC. Dept. 9846
3490 Lawson Blvd., Oceanside, N.Y. 11572

Yes! Please send me your Berlitz® Comprehensive Cassette Course(s) at $125.00 plus $4.00 for handling and insured delivery.

☐ *French 86100* ☐ *German 86101* ☐ *Italian 86102* ☐ *Spanish 86103*

Please check method of payment:

☐ Check or money order—payable to Berlitz
☐ Charge my credit card under their regular terms

☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ VISA
☐ Master Charge InterBank# _____

Card# _____

Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

N.Y. Residents add sales tax. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

Carl E. Smith

"SATURDAY NIGHT" Oil 22x28

OTHER ARTISTS

Joe Beeler, CAA • Tracy Beeler Brinkman • Truman Bolinger • Reynold Brown • Chester Comstock
Jasper D'Ambrosi • Nick Eggenhofer, CAA • Howard Forsberg • Bill Freeman • Pershing Geiger • B. Giles
Skip Glomb • Glen Hopkinson • Harold I. Hopkinson • John Kittleson • Hans Kleiber • Raphael Lillywhite
Gerald McCann • Holly Merrifield • Russ Moreton • Donald W. Muth • Bill Nebeker, CAA • Carolyn Neis
Jim Norton • Ken Ottinger • John Rasberry • Guy Robinett • Barbara Schaffner • Frank E. Schoonover
Conrad Schwiering, NAWA • Leo Z. Sherman • Lyle Tayson

ALONG THE OREGON TRAIL
IN THE HEART OF BIG WYOMING....

OREGON TRAIL
fine arts Gallery

1737 EAST SECOND STREET
CASPER, WYOMING 82601
TELEPHONE 307-265-8486
Sylvie Gundy, Director

Letters *(Continued from page 6)*

someone said something.

I am a descendent of the Osage tribe of Indians in Oklahoma on my mother's side and realize the drastic effect caused by the white man's attitude toward the American Indian. I feel this attitude to be disgusting and so unnecessary.

I think it about time the white man stops punishing and starts caring for the sake of humanity and all that it includes.

My wife subscribed for the AMERICAN WEST to please me, as she knows I have lived in the West my almost eighty years, and I thoroughly love it.

Duncan Christiansen
Gladstone, Ore.

Dear Editor:

I was so impressed by "The Song of Otter Creek" (January/February). My father was a great friend of Luther Dunning, Lee Dunning's grandfather, and I know the Otter Creek country well. The piece is an extraordinarily vivid evocation of both people and place, which fills me with nostalgia and a longing to return.

Anne G. Biddle
Devon, Penn.

Dear Editor:

I am one of the Otter Creek grandchildren now living in another small Montana community, now teaching other grandchildren in another of the last bastions of the Montana frontier.

"The Song of Otter Creek": those words have the same wide-open, ringing sound as the book title by Guy Murchie, *Song of the Sky*. And none of us ranged far afield as we grew older. Yes, many of us went away to school, receiving training that prepared us for other things than ranching. Yet we—the Thex grandchildren—do not remember the drawbacks of "being so far from no place." In fact, we opted to make our first homes in towns that echoed the slow-paced tranquillity of Otter Creek.

But no other home we make for our own children will ever recapture exactly what we so took for granted on Otter Creek: self-reliance, the work ethic, interdependence between good neighbors—distant in miles but not in values—and the isolation from telephone,

(Continued on page 11)

Joseph Velazquez

"To paint those old pioneers, an artist has to know all about them — down to the last detail. My paintings of mountain men are technically accurate, if they weren't, the people out there would let me know. You can't fool the public."

Limited Edition
Collector Prints
450 signed & numbered

Reproduced by offset lithography in full-color on 100% rag paper

17" x 21"

"MOUNTAIN MAN"

To order, call 303/770-6839
or, for color brochure write to:

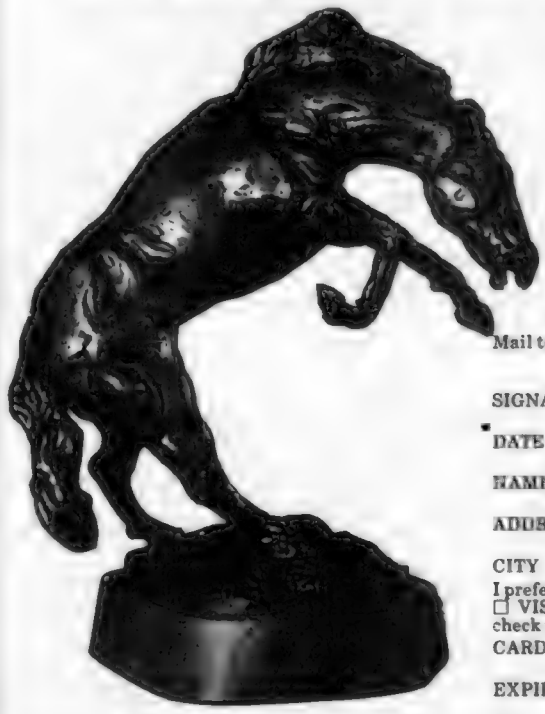
M.C.
VISA
C.O.D.

$150.00
$3.50 handling & shipping
$1.50 for C.O.D. orders

Colo. residents add 3½% sales tax.
Please wait 2 weeks for delivery.
30 day full money-back guarantee.

ap aesthetic prints, inc.
Building 8-G, 14 Inverness Drive East
Englewood, Colorado 80112

This powerful bronze sculpture measures 7 x 6¾ inches and is mounted on a solid walnut base. Each bronze is individually numbered and signed by the artist. The edition is limited to 100 pieces, priced at $625. To acquire this exciting work, mail the order form below to Bill R. Shaffer. Please include your check for $625, or use VISA or MASTERCARD. Allow 90 days for delivery. We guarantee your satisfaction, or you may return the sculpture within 30 days for full refund.



"Corkscrew," a new limited edition bronze by Bill R. Shaffer

Mail to: BILL R. SHAFFER
Rt. 2, Box 67, Monmouth, Oregon 97361

SIGNATURE _____

DATE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

I prefer to pay with: ☐ CASH (Check or Money Order) ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD (Please sign order and check which card used.)

CARD NUMBER _____

EXPIRATION DATE _____

TED BLAYLOCK

Original works by:
Al Dornisch
George Marks
William Moyers
William Prince
John Sullivan
Don Enright, NLR
Clark Hulings
C. G. Blaylock
Tom Lewis
John Scott, NWR
Robert Bateman, NWR
Clark Bronson, NWR
Floyd Drown
A. D. Greer
Joe Halko, NWR, NLR
Bill Bender, NLR
John Ruthven
Walt La Rue, NLR
Ted Blaylock
Ray Swanson, NWR

"Canyon Highlights" Acrylic 30" x 48"

"Trail's End" Acrylic 12" x 16"

NORTHERN LIGHTS GALLERIES

NEW GALLERY GRAND OPENING MAY 1ST–10TH AT:
Parker Motor Hotel, 21 First Avenue S.E., Minot, N. Dakota 58701

The work of Ted Blaylock is featured in a one-man show at the new location Tuesday–Saturday. Also coming August 5th–8th: "Northern Lights Rendezvous"

For more information and an invitation to shows write or call gallery at:
520 Main Street, Bottineau, N. Dakota 58318, (701) 228-3185

television, and "modern inconveniences." Otter Creek is still just as beautiful as the pictures in your January/February 1982 issue. Writer Breskin and photographer Biddle certainly did justice to the material.

Thank you for an extremely well-written article on our Montana heritage.

Kea Thex Yanzick
Darby, Mont.

Ahwahnee Hotel

Dear Editor:

The story about the Ahwahnee Hotel in your November/December issue brought back memories. In July, 1926, on our honeymoon, we pitched our tent very near that spot. It was just trees and boulders.

Harriet P. Crane
Ferndale, CA

Mother Joseph

Dear Editor:

I was pleased to find the fine article by Mary McKernan of Bellevue, Washington, about Mother Joseph, pioneer nun. She was a truly great woman, and America would greatly benefit from men and women with even just a little of her integrity and talents.

I would like to state that the old Providence Academy in Vancouver, Washington, is now being used for art exhibitions and competitions, weddings, and meetings. Also, a number of specialty shops and a unique restaurant now occupy the Academy. It is really a distinct landmark in Vancouver.

Helen Sieler
Vancouver, WA

Western Wilderness

Dear Editor:

I admire your magazine and I have just renewed my subscription. However, I take exception to your interpretation of modern-day Western Wilderness as explained in your editorial of November/December 1981.

You indicate that the present administration is going to allow all the national parks to have their "pristine wilderness" destroyed. In truth, Secretary Watt never threatened the National Parks with development by industry or of production of food, fiber, minerals, or thermal energy. The parks, through past administrations, have been damaged by too many people and by deplorable facilities to care for and feed the public. The present administration has been trying to improve the handling of the public so that the parks will suffer less damage at its hands.

You quote a small "1% sanctuary for wildlife" which was set aside by a "wise government." However small the "sanctuary" might have been once, the federal government is acquiring more and more privately owned or administered lands each year. More than half of Wyoming is owned by the federal government, and, as history proves, when land is administered by a far-away landlord, idealistic purposes for that land are lost in mismanagement and high monetary costs to the taxpayers.

I am a third generation rancher on the same bit of land. My grandchildren are

(Continued on page 75)

FREE SEARCH SERVICE FOR OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

You name it . . . we find it!

International Bookfinders, Inc.
P.O. Box 1-AW
Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

Make Your Plans Now to Visit

HERITAGE CANYON

A fascinating, exciting and educational experience for the whole family.

Located in the spectacular Red Rock country just minutes east of Gallup, New Mexico, on Interstate 40, Heritage Canyon takes the visitor back through the centuries. Stroll through an Indian village (Zuni, Navajo, Apache and Kiowa dwellings), an 18th century Spanish rancheria and a Frontier town reminiscent of the American West. Crafts, ethnic foods, souvenirs, gunfights, stagecoach rides and authentic museum displays provide entertainment for the entire family. Open Thursday through Monday.

For details write:
RED ROCK PARK
P.O. Box 328
Church Rock, New Mexico 87311
Phone (505) 722-5564

Early Winters Brand New Outdoor Catalog FREE

Take this opportunity to send for your free copy of the Early Winters catalog of unique outdoor gear.

The Early Winters Catalog is filled with high-quality, unusual outdoor equipment that'll lighten your load & help make your outdoor trips more enjoyable.
For your big, full-color copy packed with thousands of words of descriptive copy & scores of pictures, send this handy coupon or write today.

Early Winters, Ltd.
110-TX Prefontaine Pl. S., Seattle 98104

Please send me your free color catalog of unique outdoor equipment filled with new & exciting items, most of which simply can't be seen or purchased anywhere else.

Name
Address
City/State/Zip

COURTESY GOLDEN SPIKE NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE

Celebrating the Union of the Rails

On May 10, 1869, at Promontory Summit, Utah, a national dream was realized: the spanning of the country by rail. There, the driving of a final spike completed America's first transcontinental railroad, built by Union Pacific crews working westward from Omaha and Central Pacific crews moving eastward from Sacramento. At Promontory Summit, the tracks were joined; Union Pacific's engine No. 119 and Central Pacific's locomotive "Jupiter" met face to face.

Every year on May 10 this engineering triumph is celebrated at the Golden Spike National Historic Site on Promontory Summit. As the 1981 photograph above suggests, the program captures the historic union of the rails in minute detail. Following remarks from this year's speaker Charles Peterson, editor of the *Western Historical Quarterly,* members of the crowd will take their places for a dramatic reenactment of the last-spike ceremony, recalled by the famous "champagne photo" of 1869. As gleaming replicas of No. 119 (right) and "Jupiter" (left) face each other on the reconstructed track, a prayer will be offered, the ceremonial last spike driven into place, and champagne passed jubilantly between the two engines. A handshake by men in the roles of chief construction engineers Grenville M. Dodge and Samuel S. Montague further heightens the atmosphere of the past. Cheers from modern Americans at Promontory Summit show that the completion of our first transcontinental railroad still inspires pride.

Endurance Run. Early in the morning on June 26, from a point in California's Squaw Valley, a band of disciplined runners will set out on the toughest distance race in America. The Western States Endurance Run ends in Auburn, California, covering 100 miles of extremely difficult terrain. "Runners have to contend with snow and altitude in the first third of the race, heat and steepness in the middle third, and darkness at the end," says Curt Sproul, a participant and president of the Western States Trail Foundation which sponsors the event. Fording the chest-high waters of the American River after nightfall is just one of the challenges of the course. First attempted in 1974, the 100-mile run grew out of a horse race over the same trail. The fastest horse to cover the distance had a time of about eleven hours. The fastest runner last year finished the grueling course in sixteen hours and two minutes.

Attention on Arabians. Arabian horses—that breed so sleek in line and spirited in temper—are being viewed more and more as smart investments. Last February in Scottsdale, Arizona, auctions during Arabian Horse Week brought in over $20 million in sales. Elkana, an Arabian mare, was one of the exquisite animals shown to an overflow crowd in the auditorium of Lasma Arabians ranch; bidding reached $375,000—not for Elkana but for her unborn foal. At an auction in the Tom Chauncey Arabian Center, the horses (billed as "living art") proved more popular than paintings and sculptures presented by Sotheby Parke Bernet. Tom

AMURATH BANDOLERO PHOTO BY TERRENCE MOORE

Chauncey's gray stallion Amurath Bandolero sold for $200,000. This boom in the Arabian horse business reflects an increase in the earning potential of stallions through changes in breeding methods. Producing prize Arabians involves more than science, however. As the breeders say, a great horse is an act of God.

Romantic Landscape. In the nineteenth century, American painters and photographers captured the beauty of Yosemite for the rest of the world to see. Works of art that helped establish Yosemite as public domain will be the focus of an exhibit opening June 12 at the Fresno Arts Center in Fresno, California. "Views of Yosemite: The Last Stance of the Romantic Landscape" includes drawings by Thomas Ayres, a landscape artist who visited the valley in 1855, as well as paintings by Albert Bierstadt, William Keith, and Thomas Hill. Among the historic photographs on exhibit are views by Carleton E. Watkins that influenced an 1864 federal law signed by Abraham Lincoln giving Yosemite to the state of California for use as a park. This exhibit in Fresno—the "gateway to Yosemite"—will continue through August 8, enabling summer travelers to enjoy a visual history of this national treasure.

Rooster Racket. By tradition in the Oregon town of Rogue River, the last Saturday in June is devoted to a crowing competition among roosters. On June 26 the noisiest chanticleers in the area will meet on the grounds of a local elementary school for a thirty-minute "concert." The rooster who crows the most during this time wins a prize for his somewhat-deafened master. The owner of the best crower last year pocketed 150 silver dollars. A parade and other festivities accompany the Rogue River Rooster Crow, which began in 1953. Describing the town tradition, Mark Sims of the Chamber of Commerce says, "It's the one day in the year that Rogue River really lets its hair down and has a good time."

Bear Butte. The Cheyenne view South Dakota's Bear Butte as a sacred mountain—"the place where the People were taught." The mountain was recently designated a national historic landmark by the U.S. Department of the Interior in recognition of its importance to the Cheyenne and other Indian tribes. According to Cheyenne beliefs, this site on the northeastern edge of the Black Hills is where their revered prophet Sweet Medicine received knowledge from *Maheo* or God. All the ways of the tribe—religious, political, social, and economic—are supposedly derived from this revelation.

Generations in Clay. Through June 6 the Heard Museum in Phoenix, Arizona, will be home of the most comprehensive exhibition ever assembled on Pueblo pottery of the American Southwest. Organized by The American Federation of Arts, "Generations in Clay" reflects nearly 2,000 years of pottery-making and brings together 140 examples of Pueblo pottery from outstanding collections across the country. The exhibition also includes photographs of historic sites where pottery was made and of contemporary Pueblo artists. In their fashioning of clay from prehistoric times to the present, Pueblo potters have created a unique art form whose beauty is fully captured in this unusual exhibit.

Sailing the Prairies. He sailed into town on the Kansas wind, steering a Conestoga wagon with a mast and rudder. His name was Admiral Windwagon Smith, and his dream

(Continued on page 76)

AMERICAN WEST
is sponsored by the
WESTERN HISTORY
ASSOCIATION

President
Mary Lee Spence
University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign

Vice-President
Walter Rundell, Jr.
University of Maryland, College Park

Executive Secretary
William D. Rowley
University of Nevada, Reno

Council Members
W. David Baird, Oklahoma State University; Vernon Carstensen, University of Washington; Harry L. Deupree, Oklahoma City; William S. Greever, University of Idaho; Gene M. Gressley, University of Wyoming; William T. Hagan, State University of New York, Fredonia; William H. Leckie, Maitland, Florida; Martin Ridge, Huntington Library.

Sponsoring Members: American Bibliographical Center—Clio Press; Amon Carter Museum of Western Art; University of Arizona; Arizona Historical Foundation; Arizona Historical Society; Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records; Arizona State University; University of Arkansas; The Bancroft Library; Baylor University; Brigham Young University; Buffalo Bill Historical Center; Center for Western Studies, Joslyn Art Museum—Omaha; University of Colorado; Colorado College, Colorado Springs; University of Southern Colorado; Colorado Historical Society; Colorado State University; University of Denver; Denver Public Library; Fort Hays State University; Fort Lewis College; Indiana University; Kansas State Historical Society; Kansas State University; Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History; University of Maryland, College Park; Michigan State University; University of Southern Mississippi; University of Missouri System; University of Montana; Montana State University; Western Montana College; University of Nebraska; Nebraska State Historical Society; University of Nevada, Reno; University of New Mexico; New Mexico State University; University of Oklahoma; Oklahoma Historical Society; Oklahoma State University; University of the Pacific; Pacific Lutheran University; Saint Louis University; San Diego Westerners; State Capitol Museum, Olympia, Washington; East Tennessee State University; University of Texas, Arlington; Texas A&M University; Texas Christian University; Texas Tech University; University of Toledo; United States Air Force Academy; University of Utah; Utah State University; University of Washington; Washington State University; Western Museum of Mining & Industry; University of Wyoming; Eastern Wyoming College; Westerners International; Eugene Public Library; Prorodeo Hall of Champions & Museum of the American Cowboy.

ILLUSTRATION BY D. K. NIWA

Cowboy-pleasin' Campfire Puddin'

by Stella Hughes

Once upon a time, puddings were very popular, and cookbooks were crammed with every conceivable kind of pudding recipe. One old book, *Queen of the Household,* has seventy, and a third of them are for puddings boiled in a pudding cloth or steamed in a mold. Some recipes require boiling the pudding for ten hours (a very large one to be sure).

Just reading instructions in pudding making could be exhausting: "Raisins, prunes, and damsons must be stoned; currants must be picked and plunged in hot water, rubbed in a floured cloth, and plumped and dried before the fire; almonds must be blanched and sliced.... Suet must be quite fresh and free of fibers and chopped into pieces no larger than a pea."

While old-fashioned boiled puddings were abandoned by the urban housewife, they never went out of style in Western cow camps. Any chuck-wagon cook worth his salt could make a suet or tallow pudding. Slim Ellison of Globe, Arizona, an old-time, cow-country cook, sent me his recipe for making suet pudding in camp. Slim's instructions are pared lean and to the point. A graduate of the school of "Dump and Throw," he skips the folderol of linen pudding cloths and plumped currants dried by the fire.

Taking for granted that any fool would know how to mix up a "sweet dough," Slim says: "I like to use gut fat for the suet. Chop it up about like beans. Mix up your sweet dough, not too stiff. Throw in a lot of razens and some salt and some sugar and cinnamon. Throw in the taller and scatter it around. Dump it in a five-pound sack and tie the top....We called this puddin' 'Bastard in a Sack' or 'Boy in a Bag.' The damn fools ate it and called it good." Greenhorns can go by the following directions and get the same results.

Slim's Suet Puddin'

Chop 1 c. suet into very small pieces. Combine with 2 c. raisins; 1 c. chopped nuts; 1 c. firmly packed, brown sugar; and 1 c. chopped dried fruit (any kind). In a separate bowl, mix: 2 c. flour, 1 t. cinnamon, 1 t. allspice, 1 t. nutmeg, 1 t. salt, and 2 t. baking powder. Then add these ingredients to the fruit mixture, gradually beating in 1½ c. milk. Wet a flour sack (or large square cloth) and sprinkle well with flour. Tie pudding in the sack and lower into kettle of boiling water. Boil at least 3 hours, always keeping enough water to cover. When done, let pudding drain on a cloth for about ½ hour before untying the sack and turning the pudding onto a dish. Chill, slice, and serve with hard sauce.

Cowboys in the early days had an insatiable craving for sweets. Young cowhands had few opportunities to go to town to stow up on candy or bakery goods; so, it's easy to see why they clamored for a respite from stewed dried apples or plain sorghum on their biscuits.

A good roundup cook had to be versatile and ingenious as a pickpocket. He was an expert at improvising and "making do" with what he found in the chuck box. Considering that eggs, fresh milk or cream, and butter were out of reach and the only fruit was dried, desserts couldn't be what you might call gourmet dishes.

The only seasonings found in most chuck boxes, besides salt and pepper, were usually a can of cinnamon and a bottle of vanilla. Cooks also used molasses and syrup, which the cowboys referred to as "lick" and poured generously over biscuits and flapjacks.

A good cook who made plenty of puddings or cobblers was apt to be considered indispensable. He could be the most evil-tempered man alive, but if he had talent in this line he was valued more than an easy-going cook who seldom turned out a tallow pudding or built a vinegar cobbler. An amiable cook who allowed cowboys to line up at the ovens with their leggins flopping in the dust or condoned raiding his chuck box between meals might be considered a marvel—but unless he was forever making some sweet concoction labeled "dee-sert," he could never become the cowboys' favorite.

Blackie Clingman of Gila County, Arizona, was a real artist when it came to slingin' Dutch ovens, and he was one of the rare clean ones. Any outfit able to hire Blackie for the fall roundup considered itself extremely lucky, as Blackie was known far and wide for his delicious cobblers and puddings, and cowboys eating at his wagon swore their own sainted mothers never baked better sourdough bread. Blackie maintained that a suet pudding did not mean one boiled in a sack, but made in a Dutch oven and baked on hot coals as a cobbler.

Blackie's Suet Puddin'

Cook in a Dutch oven several kinds of dried fruit: apples, peaches, apricots, and raisins. Chop up white suet found on beef kidneys into small, fine pieces and add to the fruit. Cook until done (not too soupy). Add sugar and spices to taste. Cover with regular pie dough and bake over hot coals or in a regular stove oven.

Nobody knows who made the first vinegar cobbler, but it no doubt was a substitute for lemon pie. A roundup cook making this cobbler in camp could get the needed crock of homemade butter brought out from the home ranch.

Vinegar Cobbler

In a bread pan if cooking on a stove, or in a Dutch oven if cooking with coals, combine: 4 c. sugar, 2½ c. water, ¾ c. vinegar, ½ lb. butter, nutmeg to suit, and a dash of salt. Let the mixture boil, while you make enough pie dough for 2 regular crusts. Roll dough out thin and cut into strips. Crisscross on top of hot vinegar solution. If strips of dough sink, never mind. Then bake in moderately hot oven until crust is brown. If cobbler seems thin, that's the way it should be; it will thicken up when cooled. If you don't think this recipe sounds good, just try it.

Stella Hughes *is now working with her husband on a book entitled* Hashknife Cowboy. *Its pages tell, among other adventures, of wild horses and their chasers.*

The

National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History

Announces

The Official 100th Anniversary Commemorative

LIMITED EDITION BUCKLE

A century ago, the streets of Tombstone, Arizona echoed a brief burst of gunfire that was destined to become one of the most famous events in the history of the American West ... the Shootout at the O.K. Corral.

The Earp brothers -- Wyatt, Morgan, and Virgil -- along with notorious Doc Holliday, faced down a gang of rustlers in a dusty alley near the O.K. Corral. The actual fight lasted probably less than half a minute but has become the subject of countless articles, books, movies and legends.

Now, the prestigious National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History recognizes the 100th Anniversary of this famous event by issuing a commemorative belt buckle in a STRICTLY LIMITED EDITION, and available exclusively from the craftsmen of The Historic Providence Mint.

Designed by noted western artist, Doug Hart, the buckle is a masterpiece of the engravers and minters art. Like a fine coin, each buckle will be individually struck from hand-engraved steel dies. Then, each is carefully inspected, hand finished, and polished to achieve detail and lustre not otherwise possible. The result is a rare and precious collectible not available anywhere else.

It's sure to become a treasured family heirloom to proudly wear and proudly pass from father to son for generations to come.

This rare collector's buckle will be struck to your order in jewelers bronze, solid sterling silver or solid 14 karat gold. Each will be handsomely gift boxed and accompanied by a registered Certificate of Authenticity.

Orders will be filled on a first-come, first-served basis and when the edition limits have been reached, the dies will be destroyed. To be sure of acquiring your limited edition buckle, write or call in your order today.

EDITION LIMITS

Jewelers Bronze	15,000
Solid Sterling Silver	1,500
Solid 14 Karat Gold	150

LIMITED EDITION ORDER FORM

The Historic Providence Mint
Dept. M AMW-2, 222 Harrison Street
Providence, Rhode Island 02901

600

PLEASE, send the buckle I've marked. I understand that if I am not totally satisfied I may return the buckle within 30 days for a full refund.

_____(M42) Jewelers Bronze @$19 each plus $1.75 for postage and handling.
_____(M43) Solid Sterling Silver @$150 each plus $2.25 special postage.
_____(M44) Solid 14 Kt. Gold @$2,800 each plus $2.25 special postage.

Enclosed find check or M.O. for total amount due _____

FOR FASTER SERVICE
Call Toll Free ... 1-800-543-3000
(Operator #180) Charge Orders Only
Ohio residents call 1-800-582-1364

Account No. ..... Exp. Date .....

Signature .....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

"Iron Cross on Parade"

Original painting. Also, full color 18"x27" signed poster, $35.

PARKE

174 Gore Creek Drive
Vail, Colorado 81657
(303) 476-1769

JOHN NIETO

"Iron Breast" Acrylic 60 x 48

Also representing R. C. Gorman, John Axton, Nancy and Janusz Kozikowski, Norma Andraud, Diane O'Leary, Ron Arena, Frank McGuire, Elaine Halpern, Bruce Nowlin, and Harold Littlebird.

Gallery Catalogue including a poster section, a jewelry and craft section, and a corporate art section, $5 POSTAGE PAID.

1111 Paseo De Peralta
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
505/988-1505

and
at the Inn at Loretto
Santa Fe

NIETO SHOW—Saturday, October 16th

ΣNTHIOS GALLERY

NORTHLAND PRESS

Southwestern Symbol of Fine Books

CO BAR

BILL OWEN DEPICTS THE HISTORIC BABBITT RANCH

It all began when they laid claim to what became the largest cattle ranch in Arizona, the CO Bar.

For more than a century Babbitts have played a decisive role in Arizona—as ranchers, traders, merchants, and now, as governor. Their heritage is intricately woven into the fabric of the southwest.

Vividly depicted through the art of Bill Owen and the text of Marshall Trimble, CO Bar traces the history of a working Arizona ranch. Its legacy is an unparalleled view of a way of life virtually unchanged by the passage of years.

120 pages; 35 art reproductions in color, clothbound, $37.50. Available at bookstores or directly from Northland Press.

A specially bound, limited edition will be available later this summer. Restricted to one hundred numbered and signed volumes, each will be slipcased in leather and accompanied by a Bill Owen bronze —an 11" by 5" reclining bull, numbered, signed, and branded with CO.

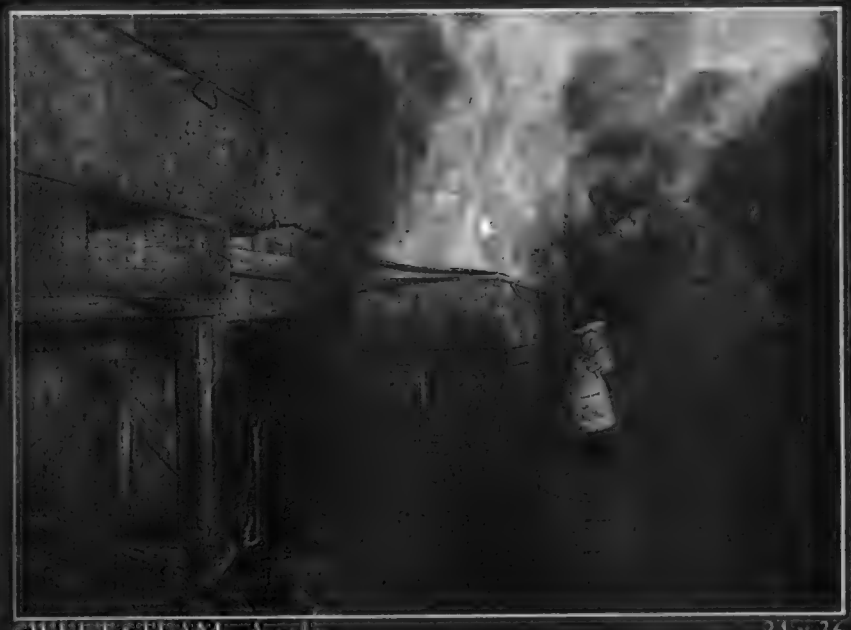
Reservations are now being accepted for this edition at a prepublication price of $1200. At the time of publication the price will be $1500. A reservation deposit of $500 should be mailed to Northland Press, P.O. Box N, Flagstaff, Arizona 86002, (602) 774-5251.

EASTER SUNDAY - Acrylic 11 x 14

John Lanc Gallery

11 Collingwood Avenue • Poughkeepsie, New York
914-471-2770

Armand LaMontagne



SWEET STEAM - Acrylic 24 x 36

Armond LaMontagne lives and works in what he calls "His Largest Sculpture", a 17th century "Rhode Island Stone Ender" house. He paints, builds, and carves the people, places, and things familiar to him. His fine artistic abilities bring to the observer a realism with just the right degree of looseness. One can view his paintings at a distance or up close and not lose the feeling, depth, and richness they have. His division of space and placement of angles and light are very important to LaMontagne.

LaMontagne is represented in the Henry Ford Museum. He has also completed a commission to sculpt the official bust of President Gerald Ford for the Ford Presidential Library. His works have been exhibited throughout the east and are featured in museums and many prominent collections in the United States. He brings across through his art the America he knows. His America is also a strong part of us all.

ILLUSTRATION BY D. K. NIWA

Author's retreat, anglers' paradise

Zane Grey Pueblo Hotel

by Roger Rapoport

Zane Grey, first trained as a dentist, put down his drill to write Western books which attracted millions of readers. After becoming a best-selling author, Grey never let publishers' deadlines interfere with his fishing career. His home at any particular moment depended on where the fish were biting: fall might be spent trolling for steelhead in Oregon, winter in the Galapagos, and spring in Tahiti.

But Grey insisted on spending every summer on Catalina Island, a fisherman's dream two hours by boat from the Los Angeles harbor. In 1924 he bought a hillside tract from the island's owner, chewing-gum magnate Philip Wrigley. Here, in Avalon, the only town on the mountainous island, Grey built a pueblo-style home. Based on buildings he studied in the Arizona desert, the hundred-foot-long structure was framed with hand-hewn tree trunks and graced with adobe-like walls. Grey borrowed a number of Hopi Indian touches for his summer home, including primitive ladders, window sashes made of twigs, and swinging plank doors.

This colorful house, largely unchanged, is now an inn—the Zane Grey Pueblo Hotel—and accommodates visitors to peaceful Catalina Island at any season. All the rooms are named for Grey's famous novels; guests who check in to *Desert Gold* stay in part of the author's former study. The front desk will gladly lend you a copy of *Riders of the Purple Sage*, *Black Mesa*, or one of Grey's 103 other titles.

About eighty-five percent of Catalina Island was preserved in its natural state when Grey came there. Mariposa lilies, California poppies, and other native vegetation bloomed luxuriantly, and wild boar, wild goat, deer, and more than one hundred species of birds also flourished. Motor vehicles were virtually banned from the backcountry, which became popular with movie producers. In 1924, a herd of fourteen buffalo was barged over for the filming of Grey's *The Vanishing American*.

The seven-bedroom house easily accommodated Grey, his wife, three children, and fishing guests. Rising at daybreak, the author spent an hour in his study, writing in longhand on a lapboard. With morning work finished, he walked out onto a huge sunporch to breakfast and plan the day's fishing. Often joining him was his brother Romer, who had a home directly across the patio.

Each day's outing began down the hill at the Tuna Club, where Grey and his party picked up the latest deep-sea intelligence from local anglers. Then, they climbed aboard the writer's fifty-two-foot sportfishing vessel, the *Gladiator*. Between 1925 and 1928, Grey and his brother set a record by catching thirty-six broadbill, two weighing over 580 pounds each. A favorite subject for kibitzing on the harbor pier was the 1,000-pound swordfish the brothers once fought for eleven-and-one-half hours.

In the evenings, Grey and his family retired to their large living room, which stretched the width of the house. Its beamed ceiling was made of teak brought home from a Tahitian voyage. A log mantle displayed water jugs and pottery collected across the West, and hardwood floors were covered with Indian rugs.

But even in this island paradise there were problems. "All [the Tuna Club's] records," recalls Grey's son Loren, "were based on fishing with 24-strand line. When Dad started catching bigger fish, he switched to a stronger, 36-strand line. But club officials considered this a violation of their rules, and refused to recognize his new records." In disgust, Grey quit the Tuna Club in 1932 and shifted his summer base to Oregon's Umpqua River. The author died in 1939, and his family sold the Catalina Island home shortly after World War II.

Today, Grey's pueblo-style house remains much as it was in his lifetime, and little has changed on the island. The town of Avalon can be hectic in the summer months, but the rest of Catalina is still wide open. A number of campgrounds can be reached by bus or boat, including one at idyllic Two Harbors. In other seasons, Avalon is more placid. Among its highlights are beautiful botanical gardens and the big waterfront casino. Although splendid private dwellings like the Wrigley mansion and Holly Hill House are not open to the public, you can view them at a distance on your own architectural walking tour. And for those who hike or go by bus to the outback, there is a good chance of seeing descendants of the buffalo brought over for *The Vanishing American*. The original herd of fourteen has grown to more than four hundred.

For information on staying at the Zane Grey Pueblo Hotel, write P.O. Box 216, Avalon, California 90704; the phone is 213-510-0966.

Roger Rapoport *discovered the Zane Grey Pueblo Hotel while doing research for a guidebook he wrote with his wife,* California Catalog.

PLOTTING THE GOLDEN WEST

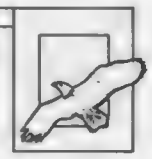
American Literature and the Rhetoric of the California Trail

Stephen Fender

"Fender's concern is not what happened in 1849–59, though he reports much of it, 'but how people of various levels of sophistication wrote about it.' Throughout [he alternates] the realistic and the romantic found in notebooks and books of Easterners who stayed in the East, such as Hawthorne and Thoreau, and Easterners who went West, such as Irving, Wister, Bayard Taylor and Mark Twain. His book is an enthusiastic, original excursion into Gold Rush documents and other works of American literature.... He stimulates fresh thought about the relationship between style and experience, between literature and life."
—*Los Angeles Times* $24.95

Cambridge University Press
32 East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022

Skybird Travel Slides



Skybird Travel Slide Sets give you the American West—from summit to seashore—and a lot in between. Each set contains 20 slides AND a written narrative which blends legend, history, and fact to describe the scenes.

Sets are $11.95 each: Postage prepaid: Satisfaction guaranteed.

—The Grand Canyon
(South Rim to river)
—Southwest Indian Dwellings
—The Cascade Volcanos
(California to Canada)
—The Oregon Coast
—The Columbia River
—Mount Saint Helens
—Climbing the Cascade Snowpeaks

Order from: SKYBIRD SLIDE SETS
P.O. Box 1201
Gresham, Oregon
97030

Adventure, Photography, Artist, and other Travel Slide Sets are available; please write for latest brochure.

Houston's Arena of Western Art

An Annual Exhibition and Sale of Paintings and Sculpture
May 13-26

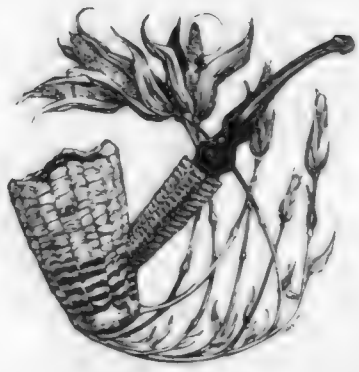
Works by:

Stan Johnson
Bud Helbig CAA
Bill Moyers CAA
Carl Smith
Frank Dill
George Marks CAA
Sandy Scott
Don C. Smith
Theda Rhea

Opening reception--Thursday, May 13
7:00-10:00 p.m.

Arena Gallery
•(713)271-8818

•7322 Southwest Freeway
•Arena Towers I
•Houston, Texas 77074



Smoking Ozark style

Corncob pipes, an American tradition

by Michael Wallis

COURTESY MISSOURI MEERSCHAUM COMPANY

MARK TWAIN, MISSOURI'S FAVORITE SON, once said: "If you grow wheat just to get the chaff, you're crazy, but if you grow corn to get the cob, you're smart." In Missouri, the "state that raises corn and cotton and cockleburs and Democrats," folks are still showing the world how smart they are. For over one hundred years, all genuine corncob pipes have come from a sleepy river town in Franklin County named Washington. Corncob-pipe lovers from dirt farmers and cowboys to Wall Street brokers and fancy Parisians have treasured cob pipes that smoke sweet as a nut, all made in Washington—the corncob capital of the world.

"My granddaddy always had a corncob pipe, and my daddy smoked one too," says a Missouri River farmer, packing tobacco into the bowl of his pipe. "When I was just a kid in the Army in Korea, I used to see all those photographs of General MacArthur with a great big ol' corncob pipe stuck between his teeth....I knew it had to come from across the river from where I was born."

Only fifty miles west of Saint Louis, Washington hugs the southern bank of the broad Missouri. Originally called "Washington's Boat Landing," the village on the northern edge of the Ozark plateau was little more than a tavern and ferry crossing when streets were laid in 1828. Washington started to blossom a few years later when twelve families from Hanover, Germany, came to the area after reading about Missouri. Following revolutions in Europe during the 1850s, this group was joined by more Germans and some Polish settlers, anxious to develop the surrounding country.

Today in Washington, German is heard less frequently at the corner barbershop or in church. The constant line of river boats has vanished. Many of the town's ten thousand citizens commute to Saint Louis for jobs. However, evidence remains of Washington's past as a booming river port. Handsome old residences still stand on narrow streets that line hillsides rising sharply from the river front. Red-brick houses built near the sidewalks show a distinct German heritage. And, at the corner of Front and Cedar Streets, the oldest corncob-pipe company in the world continues operation. Here Washington's history is part of the rhythm of everyday life.

Long before the cob-pipe industry was even dreamed of, early American smokers—trappers, soldiers, Indians—made pipes from hollowed-out corncobs. But these crude homemade pipes were generally burned out after a few days of serious smoking. A Dutch immigrant named Henry Tibbe would change all that. Tibbe made furniture and spinning wheels in Enschede, Holland, until a fire destroyed his home and business. After moving to the United States, he was drawn to the German settlement at Washington, where he opened a woodcraft shop about 1868.

There are at least two different stories about how the cob-pipe industry began. One legend claims that in 1868 a fur trapper stopped in Washington to buy a pipe. He was referred to Tibbe, who was already respected in town for his fine wood carving. Tibbe knew that the local fruit woods were too soft to provide a dry, sweet-smoking pipe; so, he decided to try a corncob. He put a cob on his lathe and shaped the outside. Next he drilled out one end of the cob, bored a hole

COURTESY MISSOURI MEERSCHAUM COMPANY

The portrait (above) *is of the resourceful Dutch immigrant Henry Tibbe, 1819–1896, who founded the world's first corncob-pipe company. A wood-carver by trade, Tibbe turned in middle age to fashioning corncobs on his lathe into light, sweet-smoking pipes. His imagination and ingenuity paid off. Today his company continues to serve an international market from its factory in the small river town of Washington, Missouri. Missouri Meerschaum pipes of the past* (opposite) *display advertising slogans for such products as beer, highway materials, and union-made overalls. Imprints still appear on some of the company's pipes.*

COURTESY STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MISSOURI, COLUMBIA

Photographed in the 1870s, the simple wooden building (above) *in Washington, Missouri, accommodated Tibbe's booming pipe business until a larger, brick factory was built. Here company employees pose for a portrait in the sunshine, many of them enjoying a smoke on their own corncob pipes. The firm's title was eventually changed from H. Tibbe & Son to Missouri Meerschaum Company after the name of the corncob pipe Tibbe invented. The advertisements* (opposite) *appeared in a publication of the Franklin County Agricultural and Mechanical Society in the early 1900s. Cobs for the pipes have always been bought from farmers in the immediate area. For many years pipe stems were made from reeds growing along the Missouri River.*

through the side, and inserted a reed. Tibbe's experiment worked, and the pleased trapper asked for a half-dozen more before he left. A more popular and probably more accurate story suggests that Tibbe made the first commercial cob pipe in 1869 for a local immigrant farmer named John Schranke.

To improve the product, Tibbe asked a druggist friend for a plaster-of-paris concoction that would coat the cobs and stop up holes left by the kernels. The wood-carver discovered that the pipe could then be sanded to a smooth finish that allowed the pipe to "breathe" even after it was shellacked. Displaying a handful of cob pipes in his shop window at a nickel apiece, Tibbe sold out by day's end. He made another batch and another. Soon the thrifty Dutchman found he was spending more time making cob pipes than doing woodwork—and making a good living at it.

Increased interest in the pipes prompted Tibbe to move his growing operation into a larger building. Local records of the day show that the firm of H. Tibbe & Son paid $180 a year in rent. Tibbe poured part of his profits back into the business, eventually purchasing a steam engine to help turn the lathes.

Because his pipes had the same porous quality as the white, claylike mineral called meerschaum (used in expensive, delicately carved pipes of that name), Tibbe decided to call his product "Missouri Meerschaum." The name stuck.

COURTESY STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MISSOURI, COLUMBIA

COURTESY STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MISSOURI, COLUMBIA

Missouri Meerschaum Company, incorporated in 1872, grew into an international business centered in a brick factory by the river front, which Tibbe had built at Front and Cedar Streets. Smokers worldwide found that Missouri Meerschaums were perfect for their needs—light in weight, easily broken in, sweet tasting, and inexpensive.

At the urging of his son Anton, Tibbe sought to protect his unique business by obtaining a patent that covered the plaster-of-paris process used on the cobs. Then Tibbe established a nationwide distribution system by giving the Saint Louis distributors Hirschl & Bendheim exclusive sale of the pipes.

In time, however, competition sprang up against Missouri Meerschaum Company. When the Tibbe patent expired, Hirschl & Bendheim opened a factory of its own in Washington and became one of the leading manufacturers of corncob pipes. Other pipe firms also developed; between the turn of the century and 1925, there were as many as a dozen cob-pipe companies operating in Franklin County—the majority in Washington near the river, where reeds for pipe stems could be obtained.

THE CRAFT OF MAKING COB PIPES has not greatly changed since Henry Tibbe's time. Today at Missouri Meer-

The corncob pipes in his window quickly sold out. Tibbe made another batch and then another.

schaum Company, work continues at the historic brick factory on Front and Cedar Streets. "A lot of our manufacturing methods are the same as they were more than a century ago," explains Erdix C. "Bill" Dearing, the man with a degree in business from Harvard University who currently heads up Missouri Meerschaum. "We have become more sophisticated in some of the ways we get our cobs and move them through the production line, but basically this is, and always will be, strictly a handmade business."

Missouri Meerschaum is now owned by Fendrich Industries, a privately held company in Evansville, Indiana, whose other products include handkerchiefs, cigars, and shoelaces. A few years ago, Fendrich merged the competing cob-pipe firm of Hirschl & Bendheim into Missouri Meerschaum, but the old Hirschl & Bendheim label, still valued by many customers, was retained. These pipes feature a special patented process called "Toasted and Broken-In." Missouri Meerschaum's only competitor is located just around the corner: Buescher Industries, maker of cob and wooden pipes since World War II.

A major breakthrough in the cob industry came in 1946 at a time when the cobs on hybrid corn were becoming too small for use in pipe making. During a University of Missouri project funded by the cob industry, Dr. Marcus Zuber, a dedicated agronomist, developed a strain of corn yielding extra long, strong cobs more than twice the size of regular cobs. This corncob has a wood content so high that pipe makers need to use carbide-tipped saws to slice through it.

Each year selected farmers in the lowlands near Washington contract to grow the special strain of corn for Missouri Meerschaum—the largest, as well as the oldest, cob-pipe manufacturer in the world. At harvest the cobs go to the factory, and the white kernels, smaller than in the old strains, end up as cornmeal for firms making tortillas. "Remember," reminds Dearing, "we grow cobs around here, not corn."

Once stripped of the kernels, the cobs are aged for about two years in a well-ventilated storage area where they gradually take on the quality of fine-grained wood. A standard cob produces two pipe bowls of average size and one small bowl for miniature souvenir pipes. Larger cobs can often be cut into five bowls or used for a single large bowl, such as the famous "Mac," the model cherished by General Douglas MacArthur.

Deluxe cob pipes are usually shaped on a lathe by a craftsman adept at forming delicate curves with the slight touch of a heavy chisel. This hand-turning process is similar to the forming of a clay pot on a potter's wheel.The pipes are

COURTESY MASSIE—MISSOURI RESOURCES DIVISION, STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MISSOURI, COLUMBIA

COURTESY MISSOURI MEERSCHAUM COMPANY

(Top) *Bits of cob fly from the lathe as a worker carefully shapes a pipe bowl to be added to the bin. Today at Missouri Meerschaum, cob pipes are crafted much as they were during Henry Tibbe's day.* (Bottom) *Feathers adorn the novelty, Indian-style pipes that were once a popular product of Missouri Meerschaum Company.*

Free of its hillbilly image, the corncob pipe now symbolizes Western glamour and excitement.

coated by hand with the plaster, then dried, sanded, smoothed, and shellacked. Next, a machine bores stem holes, and the stems and mouthpieces (mostly plastic or bamboo, since the backbreaking task of gathering reeds has been discontinued) are hammered in place by hand.

About sixty craftspeople make the dozens of varieties of Missouri Meerschaum and Hirschl & Bendheim pipes manufactured in the three-story plant. At present, they turn out around 35,000 cob pipes a day, ranging in price from less than fifty cents to fifteen dollars.

Although the number of pipe factories has dramatically declined, a boom in demand for corncob pipes pushed sales to almost twelve million dollars in 1980. The cob-pipe rage appears to have been brought on, at least in part, by the general economic slump. Many pipe smokers have turned to the practical cob as a worthy substitute for more costly briars. Furthermore, the cob pipe no longer seems part of a hillbilly image.

New customers are choosing the pipe enjoyed by such celebrated puffers as Mark Twain (when he wasn't chewing on a cigar); Carl Sandburg; Presidents Herbert Hoover, Dwight Eisenhower, and Gerald Ford; Fiorello La Guardia; Missouri artist Thomas Hart Benton; and General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing. It was Missouri-born Pershing who introduced the cob pipe to his protégé, General MacArthur. When President Truman fired MacArthur, hundreds of sympathetic citizens besieged Missouri Meerschaum with pipe orders for the man whose trademark had become a pair of sunglasses and a "Mac" pipe.

Affluent American and European smokers now view the cob pipe as part of the glamour and excitement of the Old West. The best sales areas for Missouri Meerschaum are California and New England. Cob sales overseas continue to soar as well.

"Europeans think it's all part of the whole cowboy thing that still seems to be going on," explains Dearing. "When I visit our Paris representative he wants me to show up in cowboy boots and hat. They may not like our government but they love anything American and Western, and that means boots, jeans and, yes, corncob pipes. It's exciting to take a purely American product that's become part of history and offer it to people today."

Henry Tibbe would be proud.

Michael Wallis, *a frequent contributor to* AMERICAN WEST, *is a native of Missouri.*

FENN
GALLERIES LTD.
1075 Paseo de Peralta
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
505/982-4631

O.E. BERNINGHAUS ANA 1874-1952 PUEBLO INDIANS ON THE MESA 25" x 30" oil

Human values and hometown snapshots

Early days in St. Johns

by Stewart L. Udall

Most of the luxuries and many of the so-called comforts of life are not only dispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind.

—Henry David Thoreau at Walden

COURTESY WAYNE DAVIS

My hometown is St. Johns in a remote corner of east-central Arizona. I believe that the way people lived in that Mormon farm village several generations ago has something to say to all of us about the future.

I have been fascinated by the 1980 census statistics which reveal that the national pattern of population movement to big cities has slackened and that millions of Americans now prefer to live in modest-size cities or country towns. I see this as a salutary trend for in our materialistic rush to go modern, I believe we have discarded many human values and truths that lie at the heart of what Henry David Thoreau called "the marrow of life." This nostalgic essay about an Arizona village where I grew up is offered both to validate Thoreau's thesis and to remind the new generation that one way to live well is to pursue a lifestyle that is simple.

As I read our recent history, one of our paramount mistakes has been a worship of technological innovations and growth for growth's sake, which has often ignored the simple, everyday needs of human beings. Despite brilliant achievements of our engineering, we have thrown away many precious environmental assets. We have stressed ruthless competition at the expense of community cooperation; we have confused the goods life with the good life; and we have created inhuman environments that have destroyed the gentle lifestyles of the past.

These recollections are written on the assumption that a time of reckoning is at hand, that energy and resource shortages are going to force us to simplify our lives, to relearn the practice of thrift, and to try to recapture the vital sense of community that we have largely abandoned in our mad scramble for individual gain. It is this conviction that reinforces my belief that the small towns of our past have something to say to us in the 1980s.

During my youth in the 1920s and 1930s, mile-high St. Johns was a town of about 1,200 souls located on the Little Colorado River in eastern Arizona. On a map you will find it south of Navajo country near the Arizona–New Mexico line, forty miles southeast of the Petrified Forest National Park. My hometown was founded in 1873 as a way station by wagoneers from New Mexico who were hauling supplies for the United States cavalry from Santa Fe to Fort Apache. Seven years later, a group of settlers was sent from Utah to establish the Mormon section of St. Johns. My grandfather David K. Udall came with these 1880 pioneers, reared a polygamous family of eleven children, and served as a religious leader of the region for nearly fifty years.

Although St. Johns folk had good milk cows and numerous beehives, the Colorado plateau has never been a land flowing with milk and honey. This high desert area is essentially cow-country; grass and water are its two most important resources. When the first settlers came to this virgin land, there was waist-high grass that initially made the grazing of cattle and sheep a thriving activity. However, nature plays cruel tricks in this part of the world, and it turned out that this lushness was the tail-end of a wet cycle that has not been repeated. Ever since, livestock raising has been a marginal pursuit in northern Arizona.

As a matter of fact, except for scenery (and it is my belief that the Colorado plateau contains the most stunning array of scenic wonders anywhere on earth) all resources are marginal in this region. Geographers accurately describe it as a "scrubland": the native trees are scrub cedar and juniper, shade trees must be watered if they are to survive, and late spring sleet storms make the planting of orchards a triumph of hope over scientific horticulture. The Mormons knew the importance of water, and wherever they settled they built dams and canals to make irrigated farming possible. Every boy in St. Johns learned to work with water at an early age. (I can still hear my father telling me earnestly, "Irrigation is a science, son.") An upstream earthen dam provided water for a few hundred acres of irrigated benchlands—but the area was too arid, the soil too thin, and the growing season too short for farmers to grow any money-crops except alfalfa hay, which could be sold to dairies in Winslow or Gallup.

High plateaus, like desert country, are stark, intimate places that influence the outlook of those who live there. The natural landmarks—the mesas and buttes and mountains—are part of people's lives and have familiar names known to all; the condition of the grama grass which determines the success or failure of the livestockmen is followed as closely as the weather; and one also comes to know a good deal about the animals who are sojourners in the area. In St. Johns our animal neighbors were lean and wary jackrabbits, antelope, and coyotes—and they knew as much about our habits as we knew about theirs.

Although the earth was infertile, there were compensations for those who stayed and learned to love this land. When people live in open country, their gaze runs to the horizon; they watch the cloud pageants of the skies, and some come to have a semimystical attitude toward the land. As a young forester, the great naturalist Aldo Leopold lived near the White Mountains thirty miles south of St. Johns, and he later wrote feelingly of its earthscapes and the "high solitude" of its "aristocracy of space." For him these landscapes cleared the mind and sharpened the senses. In his classic book, *A Sand County Almanac*, Leopold wrote a poignant essay about the Escudilla—the beautiful blue dome-mountain that dominated our skyline to the south. For Aldo Leopold, and for us, the Escudilla was a reassuring presence and a symbol of nature's beauty and power. There is something uplifting about awakening each day to the sight of symmetrical mesas and beautiful, far-off mountains. Like the Old Testament prophets, many of us in St. Johns realized that bleak country can also be "God's country" if the spirit is attuned to the firmament and what it declares.

In the early 1890s the Alma Davis family (opposite) *posed in front of their small home in the village of St. Johns, Arizona. The snug house and flourishing garden denote a simple rural existence devoted to work close to the land.*

(Top) *The camera brought out young and old to a dusty street in St. Johns in the first years of this century. Reflecting new and old modes of transportation, an early-model automobile stands in front of the Barth Hotel, across the street from a patient horse.*

(Above, left) *The Old Academy in St. Johns, built in 1906, was a combination high school and church for many years. The Udall family attended Mormon services there. In 1937 the author helped tear down this building to make way for a new church.*

(Above, right) *In the 1880s St. Johns residents could buy fresh water at five cents a bucketful from this horse-drawn, community water tank.*

(Opposite) *Amateur barber Mo Udall cut brother Stew's hair in the summer of 1942 in St. Johns. Industrious Mo also had a dance orchestra that year.*

When Mormon settlers first came to this sparse country of the Colorado plateau from the green valleys of central Utah, some of them called it "the land God forgot." Once the harsh first phase of colonization was completed, later generations sensed that the whole region was a great outdoor cathedral whose clean lines and sweeping vistas soothed the human spirit and created a sense of harmony between people and the natural world. Every time I return to the Colorado plateau, I am convinced once again that modern man is paying a high price for severing his ties with the animating roots that once gave him an irreplaceable sense of belonging in the out-of-doors. And yet I am still optimistic enough to believe that if we stabilize our population soon—and turn back to the land with love and respect—there are enough open spaces, unsullied natural landmarks, and powerful vistas in most regions of this spacious country that the land mystique we knew in St. Johns need not be wholly lost.

Modern civilization rode a slow horse to St. Johns. The town of my early years did not differ too much from the community my grandfather settled. By the 1920s there were a few automobiles, a rather tenuous telephone service, and a small quantity of erratic electricity. But these few machines were the total impact of modern technology, and to tell the

COURTESY WAYNE DAVIS

COURTESY THE AUTHOR

truth, they did not influence our lives all that much. Our fuel came from cedar wood gathered in nearby hills. All heavy farm work was done by horses or humans. Water was drawn from wells in buckets. And outdoor privies served the sanitary function.

I am forced to concede that our outdoor toilets were crude and inconvenient. However, even this famous piece of nineteenth-century architecture had one great advantage over the flush toilets and defective sewage disposal system which superseded it. We buried our wastes in the earth. They did not contaminate our rivers. As the Little Colorado passed St. Johns, it had swimming holes that were clean and fish-life that was edible. I am not advocating a return to the outhouse, but isn't it about time we used some of our science to return to the simple tidiness of the past? Why not return our wastes to the land as fertilizer or process them to produce natural gas and give our rivers back to ourselves as part of a nifty scheme of recycling?

Machines and manufactured goods and foods took a back seat in St. Johns: each family had an orchard, a garden, and the domesticated animals (cows, pigs, and chickens) needed to provide the majority of its food. For the most part St. Johns was a self-sufficient farm village, apart from the

St. Johns of my early years did not differ much from the community that my grandfather settled.

cash economy; we had no railroad to tie us to the nation's economic system, and there were no industries to provide payrolls. The only products which were sold for outside cash were livestock and baled hay, and although St. Johns was a county-seat, there was insufficient cash-flow to support a bank. Some men found work in other places and brought their savings home, but in the main, people were self-employed and got by on their ability to make good use of local resources.

OF COURSE, OUR PARSIMONIOUS LAND put a premium on wise stewardship; so, naturally, recycling and stretching was a way of life. For example, the cow or cows kept by each family produced milk, calves, and manure. The milk was skimmed of its cream for butter and cheese. The male calves were turned out to pasture and were later slaughtered for beefsteak. Manure from the stable was gathered and spread onto garden plots before spring plowing. And all kitchen leftovers became a nutritious swill which was fed to the pigs, whose offal in turn fertilized the family garden. In those days, the only unusable household "wastes" I can remember were tin cans which were gathered in a gunnysack and taken to the town dump once or twice a year.

Our lives made us natural conservationists. Not only did we have to build soil at every opportunity, but overgrazing had to be avoided, every piece of equipment had to be well maintained, and domestic animals had to be given careful attention. Young boys learned early the importance of keeping gates closed when they saw a valuable milk cow bloat and die on a surfeit of green alfalfa.

Naturally, this kind of intimate husbandry also sharpened our sense of values. It taught us to be frugal and to learn the uses of different resources; it taught us to know the dignity of menial work; and it educated us to respect the work of others. When the clothes one wears, the fire that gives warmth, and the food one eats are produced by the effort of someone in the family circle, work (in Kahlil Gibran's memorable phrase) becomes "love made visible" and self-reliance promotes self-esteem.

One of the great things about St. Johns was that everyone worked in some way directly with the earth. Everybody grew something: the farmers cultivated their corn and alfalfa, tree lovers planted shade trees and nursed struggling orchards, women grew their favorite flowers, and almost everyone had something to do with a backyard vegetable garden. Whether the harvests were sparse or bumper, I am convinced this preoccupation was a source of contentment to everyone.

I am not sure anyone can fully describe or sense all of the

(Top) *The village of St. Johns in the 1880s, looking toward the east.*
(Bottom) *This simple frame building was the meeting place for the first Mormon church service in St. Johns in the early 1880s.*
(Opposite) *In 1944 Burr Udall, now a Tucson lawyer, milked the family's "Brown-Cow." Observing were little Louise Turley and her mother, Inez Udall Turley, now a teacher at Mesa Community College.*

educational, physical, and psychic benefits from using one's hands to plant seeds and help them grow. I do know that simple, regular association with the world of nature gave a tone and tranquility and rhythm to life that had resonance in the lives of St. Johns people in countless little ways. I was not surprised to read recently that a horticulturist who judged a "garden contest" for New York City's Public Housing Authority was astonished to learn the extent to which "gardening by persons in the ghetto can bring old and young together, reduce vandalism and cause inner-city residents to take pride in themselves and their communities that they never had before." And he continued, "I slowly began to understand that somehow the importance of these gardens lay not in the flowers but in the human response to plants.... The gardens became a focus for social activities...there is a whole 180-degree turn in people's attitudes."

As for the food we ate in those days, it was plain but prepared extremely well by skillful cooks. The flavors and fragrances of tree- or vine-ripened fruits and vegetables—and the earthy meats obtained from active, home-grown animals—had qualities the packaged and processed foods of today can never equal. We were not ill-fed in those days; no misplaced sympathy is needed. As a matter of fact, I have

COURTESY THE AUTHOR

never tasted ice cream as good as that I made myself with my own muscle in our home freezer, garnished with fruit from nearby trees.

Aside from the skills of mother-dressmaking, there is nothing much to say about the clothing we wore except that it did what clothing is supposed to do: it was rugged and plain and clean; it protected us from the elements; and when lovingly patched or repaired, it was entirely respectable. Little fuss was made about clothes in those days; it was the person inside that counted.

What I am trying to say is that no one need look back and feel sorry for the folk who lived in St. Johns. Measured by materialistic indices, our per capita income was meagre and our standard of living was low, but I am certain we enjoyed a physical and social environment that had life-giving attributes unknown to many communities today.

AS I LOOK BACK, THE BEST THING about St. Johns is that it was an incomparable place for a child to grow up. Aside from its ideal size and favorable natural setting, there were many circumstances that made this community child-centered: the slow, deliberate pace of life allowed parents to govern their lives by a children-first policy; a strong

As I look back, the best thing about St. Johns is that it was an incomparable community for children.

pro-youth bias was built into the Mormon church system; and in St. Johns everyone, including small children, was personally involved in the life of the community. These conditions felicitously combined to "enroll" youngsters in a nonschool "school" which provided them with rich and varied experiences.

Formal education was supplemented by our participation in the wide world of work which was St. Johns's splendid nonschool school. Our instructors in this extracurricular endeavor were our parents, older siblings, relatives, and assorted workmen who crossed our paths in the daily business of living. Their "courses" covered such subjects as gardening, the use of tools, the handling of animals, and learning how to work with and learn from other people in a wide range of real-life situations.

This nonschool education began as soon as a child was old enough to perform outdoor chores or to share in household duties. Young boys and girls who took care of the chickens, milked a cow, kept the woodbin full, or arose early on cold winter days to start the morning fires began life by making decisions and helping sustain the household. Our instruction consisted of more than family chores, however. Projects of various kinds were always underway in backyards and neighborhoods, and curious children were deliberately involved in these endeavors and given tasks to perform. And when summer came, the door was opened to larger experiences. To participate in a roundup, or to spend part of the summer on a ranch, for example, gave youngsters an opportunity to understand the hard facts about ranching, to learn how to handle horses, and to acquire considerable cowboy folklore as well. I learned much about the real world from the salty cowboys who were my instructors in cattle-ranching.

One of the most vivid introductions to outdoor teamwork came when hay-baling time arrived, and large groups of young men worked together to harvest St. Johns's biggest crop. There were many other exciting projects. For example, when a truckload of peaches arrived in town, families worked together to process the fruit and seal it in glass jars to provide a winter's supply of desserts. There was, in season, wide-ranging work for boys and girls of all ages; to be involved in stripping beehives of their honey, picking wild grapes for jelly, or making molasses from sugar cane was to get to know something about nature's bounty.

In close-knit communities, people not only live close together, they go out of their way to help each other and to teach life-fundamentals to children. In recent years critics of our schools have pointed out that children are "saturated with information but starved for experience." This is a serious

COURTESY WAYNE DAVIS

DAVID K. UDALL AND HIS FIRST RESIDENCE AT ST. JOHNS

COURTESY THE AUTHOR

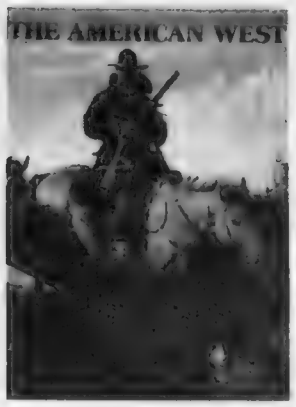
(Top) *The blacksmith shop of Ove C. Overson offered important services to early St. Johns residents. Pictured are Clyde Overson, the little boy on the horse, and his father, David Overson, standing next to him. At the far right is Marinus Christensen who served as apprentice under Ove Overson and then opened his own blacksmith shop in St. Johns. The other people in the photograph are not identified. (Identifications were furnished by Mrs. LeVon G. Thurber, a granddaughter of Christensen.)*

(Bottom) *The author's grandfather David K. Udall came to St. Johns in 1880 with a group of fellow Mormons. His first residence there was this simple wood and adobe structure.*

shortcoming, and I believe that St. Johns, with its simple lifestyle and simple human relationships, points the way to possible reforms. In that earlier period, life was chock-full of impromptu apprenticeships and rich daily experiences. It was not unusual for blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, and other workmen to take time to teach youngsters some of the tricks of their trades. And uncles or older brothers usually took boys along and gave them something to do when any building project or heavy work was underway. The self-assurance gained from acquiring the competence to shoe a horse, build a fence, or fix a plow was an immense asset to the young. I have owed a debt all of my years to Conrad Overson, one of St. Johns's versatile handymen, who taught me how to dress a hog, mend a roof, and practice the craft of stone masonry. Conrad was a colorful town character, and I learned more than craft lessons from spending time in his company.

Actually, as I think back on it, towns like St. Johns were populated by handymen, jacks-of-all-trades, and amateur mechanics. Necessity made all of us repairmen in those days. The few machines we had were simple and durable, and mending leather and metal equipment was a skill most people acquired early. When something went wrong with a Model T

Yes, enter my personal subscription!



☐ One Year, $15 ☐ Bill me

☐ Three Years, $35 ☐ Payment enclosed

Name_____

Address _____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

AMERICAN WEST is published every other month. Look for your first copy in 4–6 weeks.

E2Ø5E-1

Gift Subscription Card

☐ Please start a one-year (6 issues) gift subscription to AMERICAN WEST as I have indicated below. I understand you will bill me later for $15 and my gift will be announced by a beautiful, handwritten card.

Send my gift to:

Name_____

Address _____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

The gift is from:

Name_____

Address _____

City/State_____ Zip ____

Sign gift card: _____

Please allow 4–6 weeks for delivery of first issue.

L2Ø5E-2

Yes, enter my personal subscription!

☐ One Year, $15 ☐ Bill me

☐ Three Years, $35 ☐ Payment enclosed

Name_____

Address _____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

AMERICAN WEST is published every other month. Look for your first copy in 4–6 weeks.

E2Ø5E-1

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY CARD
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 695 MARION, OHIO

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

American West
Subscription Dept.
Box 1960
Marion, Ohio 43306

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY CARD
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 695 MARION, OHIO

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

American West
Subscription Dept.
Box 1960
Marion, Ohio 43306

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY CARD
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 695 MARION, OHIO

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

American West
Subscription Dept.
Box 1960
Marion, Ohio 43306

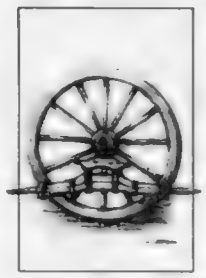
Ford or a hay-mower or a harness, someone in the family was usually qualified to repair it. This, of course, was good on two counts: it saved money, and it saved time.

ONE OF THE CURIOUS ASPECTS of simple, small-town living was that despite the hard work and hard times, somehow life did not seem hard to most young people. Perhaps this was because we were introduced to strenuous labor early and considered it the essence of everyday life. But in any event, this physical work did not hurt us, and there was plenty of time for play. In fact, I suspect most of us never quite knew where work ended and play began. I am not sure to this day, for example, whether the muskrat-trapping project that Delbert Lee and I carried out in a nearby swamp (so we could sell the furs to a Chicago mail-order outfit) was really work or play. And even hoeing weeds in the family garden did not seem burdensome when one could watch plants grow and realize that succulent melons and vegetables would soon be ready to eat.

Along with all of the menial work, there came an incredible freedom. From the time we were five or six years of age, our world was as big as our legs could carry us during a long day, and excursions to explore the town cemetery, to find a coyote den or a nest of eagles were adventures that Huckleberry Finn would have envied. In such a spacious, reflective environment, there were also priceless opportunities for persons to get a sense of themselves, to get a feel for the earth. An appreciation of the beauty and wonder of life is hard to teach in a classroom. We learned ours out in the open in a duck-blind, waiting for flights of mallards to arrive, or watching thunderstorms march across the horizon.

The sweet smell of new-mown hay and the husky sigh of parched earth after a summer rainstorm are sensory experiences that are still part of my being. I have been haunted all of my later years by boyhood sensations and memories. I can still hear the sound of irrigation water in the garden furrows in the middle of the night and the musical counterpoint of crowing roosters at daybreak. Nor can I ever forget the call of wild geese overhead (a sound so intense and human no symphony orchestra can ever approach it) or the sight of unsullied snowscapes in winter.

If St. Johns has anything to tell us, it is that neighborliness thrives in a network of interacting relationships. Size clearly has something to do with it—and it is no coincidence that the population of St. Johns and the population of cohesive inner-city neighborhoods are similar. The equation is simple: people involve themselves in the life of their community when they feel the community gives something to their lives. Small-scale environments create intimacy which promotes involvement, for in situations where everyone knows nearly everyone else the finest kind of reciprocity flourishes, and people care about other people. The ancient Greeks learned long ago that citizens police themselves when their lives mingle daily. American urbanization (and the current gross misconception that armed officers on street corners are the real keepers of law and order) has committed the cardinal sin of ignoring a human lesson which evolved out of centuries of



Despite the hard work and hard times, life did not seem hard to most young people in my hometown.

ordinary living.

In the 1840s Daniel Webster once boasted that civic virtue existed at such a high pitch in Massachusetts that no householder felt the necessity of locking his doors against his neighbors. For similar reasons, both locks and lawmen were superfluous in St. Johns. Indeed, lawmen and their guns were so unimportant that once, in my youth, the town drunkard ran for constable as a prank and came within a few votes of winning the office.

When lives are intertwined, people help each other without being asked and are quick to join hands and make sacrifices when cooperation is needed for the common good. No one had to tell us we were "involved with mankind" in St. Johns. We, too, had a church bell that rang for funerals and on festive occasions, and I sensed its subtle message long before I read John Donne's imperishable lines:

Never send to know
For whom the bell tolls,
It tolls for thee. . . .

The landscape and parts of the old town remain as I knew them forty years ago, but St. Johns, too, has been overtaken by technology. Unknown to us in the "olden days," there was a huge underground water reservoir nearby, and a few years ago a big electric power company brought in coal from New Mexico and turned St. Johns into an energy boomtown. But even this is a temporary intrusion: the water will be exhausted in a few years, and some of the old tranquility may then return.

A half-century ago St. Johns was a place of paradox. Our experience included days and weeks of hardship, but in a real sense the years were generous years. The extent of our economy was narrow, but our lives had spacious margins. There were no rich folk, but the community as a whole was rich in attributes that benefitted everyone.

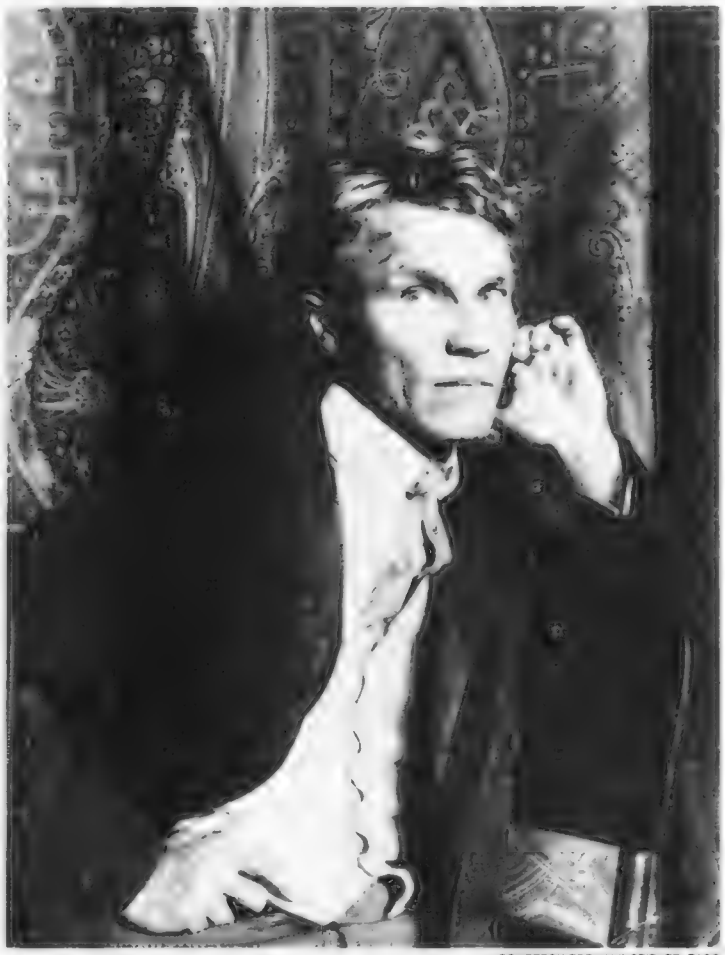
I believe that St. Johns and its counterparts in other regions have urgent messages for these times. Most of them say leaner-is-better or slower-is-better or smaller-is-better. One of these messages is not original. It was written by Thoreau at the edge of a small pond in Massachusetts over a century ago: "That man is richest whose pleasures are cheapest."

After leaving St. Johns in 1937 to attend the University of Arizona, **Stewart L. Udall** *became a Tucson lawyer, a three-term congressman, and served as Secretary of the Interior for eight years in the 1960s under two presidents. He now lives in Phoenix where he is deeply immersed in radiation law.*

Nicolai Fechin

Russian artist in the American West

by George Schriever



COURTESY FECHIN INSTITUTE, TAOS

Photograph (above) *of the artist Nicolai Fechin (1881–1955), taken in Russia in 1915 when Fechin was thirty-four years old.*

Pietro (opposite), *painted during the period 1928–1933, oil on canvas by Nicolai Fechin, 36" x 30⅛"*

ALMOST A CENTURY AGO IN THE TARTAR CITY of Kazan near the Volga River, a small procession hurried from the cathedral to the home of a simple woodcarver. They came in hope of saving the life of young Nicolai Fechin, the small son of the woodcarver. Many years later, after Fechin had become a world-famous artist, he recounted the unusual events of that day:

> My mother told me the story many times: how, when I was four years old, I became ill with meningitis and the doctors of our town, Kazan, could do nothing for me. My father went to the Cathedral of the Annunciation in the kreml where the wonder-working image of the Virgin of Tikhvin was kept and begged them to bring it to our house. He was known to the clergy because he carved iconostases for churches in the area. The image was brought through the streets in a kind of carriage and was accompanied by a priest and deacon and others from the cathedral. My mother told me how the heavy icon, loaded with ex votos, was passed back and forth three times over the bed where I lay unconscious and was then slowly lowered until it touched my inert form. She said that at that point, there was a shudder in my frame and from that moment, my recovery began. She considered it a miracle and so do I. Nevertheless, I grew up frail and high-strung, and when I went to school I found I could not take part in the rough-and-tumble games of my schoolmates and became increasingly more sensitive and shy and retreated to a world of my own imagination. But I did have the consolation of poking around my father's workshop where he carved the screens that were set up before the altars in the Russian Orthodox Church, and soon I learned to draw and carve.

Nicolai Fechin was born in Kazan on November 26, 1881. That ancient city can claim at least two other illustrious sons—Count Leo Tolstoy and Vladimir Lenin, alumni of the university there. As Nicolai was the first child in the family and a boy as well, he was the object of a great deal of love and attention. His paternal grandmother adored him especially. Fechin later reported: "After God, she loved only me. All her thoughts were about me, and when she died she left me all her earthly possessions—one ruble and fifty kopeks." At an early age Nicolai learned to handle his father's tools, and since he could not keep up with other boys in their rough play, he was often glad to retire to his drawing and carving, in which he excelled.

The father of the family found it hard to make ends meet, and when it was time for thirteen-year-old Nicolai to graduate from elementary school, there was no money to provide him with suitable clothes for the ceremony. As Fechin recalled many years later: "Help came from a benefactor who needed a drawing for the building of a shrine. With great enthusiasm I executed this commission, getting ten rubles for it, and it seemed that this money came straight from heaven. So, in a new outfit, earned with the first money I ever received from art, I graduated from public school."

COURTESY COLLECTION OF HARRIET TUBMAN

Fechin and two other poor students holed up in an abandoned house and lived largely on tea and bread.

COURTESY NEW MEXICO MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, SANTA FE

The Artist Burliuk (Above), *c. 1923, oil on canvas by Nicolai Fechin, 49¼" x 33⅜"*

Bearing Away the Bride (Opposite), *c. 1907, oil on canvas by Nicolai Fechin, 73" x 111"*

Nicolai's next step was discussed earnestly. The boy had detested elementary school; obviously he was not going to be a scholar. There was not much promise of success in his father's craft, and work involving strenuous physical effort was out of the question. Therefore, because of Nicolai's obvious talent, the father suggested that he enroll in the Art School of Kazan, a branch of the Imperial Academy, which, by good luck, had opened that very year, 1895.

Nicolai had great success at the art school where one of his classmates was David Burliuk, who later became one of the founders of the Russian Futurist Movement. Their paths would cross again in America. Young Nicolai's life was made difficult by the departure of his father and mother from Kazan, but an uncle and aunt who lived there saw to it that he did not starve; however, they certainly did not pamper him. He and two other poor students holed up in an abandoned house in a wretched part of town and lived largely on tea and bread. Fortunately, Nicolai was on a scholarship and paid no tuition at the school. He loved toiling at his chosen work; it was a true vocation, and he excelled at it. Thanks to his hard work and ability, he graduated with distinction from the art school in 1900 and received a glowing letter of recommendation to the faculty of the Imperial Academy of Art in Saint Petersburg, on which he had set his sights.

IT WAS LA FIN DU SIECLE, THE BEGINNING of a new century, and a time of ferment. Art Nouveau was still current as a decorator style and seems to have presaged the breakup of old forms. The Italian Filippo Marinetti was building up a head of steam that would enable him to launch the Futurist Manifesto, which had a phenomenal success in Russia. A band of the avant garde was standing in the wings, as it were, with trumpets, drums, and tambourines ready to enter and take center stage from the impressionists and those prehistoric monsters the Academicians. Many of Fechin's contemporaries threw themselves into the new movements, and to judge by the amount of noise, it must have seemed that the new order would destroy the old like a ton of bricks falling on a glass house.

But, like the majority of artists everywhere, Fechin kept his eyes on the ideal of the old masters. He stressed the importance of rendition over concept and maintained that "fine workmanship makes one forgive even triviality," pointing out that the appeal of certain subject matter is often influenced by the mode of the day.

As to palpable influences on Fechin's work, first place must be given to his teacher Ilya Repin. Repin lived in Paris from 1873–1876, at the beginning of Impressionism and the autumn splendor of historical painting. He is most famous for two of his historical scenes, *Zaporog Cossacks Preparing a Reply to a Demand from Sultan Mahmoud IV* and *Ivan the Terrible Clasping the Dead Body of His Son,* but his real interest lay in portraiture. The work of Scandinavian artists like Anders Zorn was also a source of inspiration for Fechin, especially for the steamy nudes that appeared from time to time on his canvases.

COURTESY NATIONAL COWBOY HALL OF FAME AND WESTERN HERITAGE CENTER, OKLAHOMA CITY

Another influence on Fechin was *Heimatkunst*, or Local Color esthetic. Long before we had Regionalism in the United States, many European artists of the post-Romantic period embraced this concept as an article of faith. In Russia, there was talk about "the inexhaustible resources offered by the intimate nature of Russian soil, of its people, and of their manifestations," but this local show of support for Russian *Heimatkunst* somehow got mixed up with Futurism and Cubism and melted down into part of the international style.

During this time of artistic ferment, Nicolai Fechin pursued his nine years of hard study at the Imperial Academy of Art in Saint Petersburg. Using money he earned for illustrations beyond his school exercises, he spent the summer vacations of 1903 and 1904 sketching in southern Siberia. Always in the back of his mind, just as it must have been in the thoughts of his fellow students, was the challenge of the competition among the seniors. Winners of prizes were awarded traveling scholarships for one year, renewable if the candidate produced paintings that the jury thought promising.

In 1906 and 1907 Fechin spent his summer vacations in the hinterland outside Kazan making numerous sketches, many depicting a local custom of "stealing" the bride. In a borrowed room in Kazan, he set to work. "My canvas fitted into the room only on a diagonal," he reported. "The light from the low windows was so poor that the upper half of the painting was in perpetual twilight. In order to see the results of my work, I was obliged to lie flat on the floor and peer up. In spite of discomforts, I did finish the painting, and it received first prize in Saint Petersburg." It was called *Bearing Away the Bride*, and Fechin lent most of the one-thousand-ruble prize to his fellow students.

Fechin's formal training at the Academy was finished in 1908. It remained only for him to complete the "masterwork" that was required. Luckily, he was appointed as a temporary instructor in his former school in Kazan and was given a fine studio there where he worked under favorable conditions. Fechin chose another *Heimatkunst* subject, done from sketches he had made in the outlands of Kazan. He finished it in plenty of time and took it to Saint Petersburg where in 1909 it won him his Degree of Artist, a traveling scholarship, and an appointment as State Teacher to the Art School of Kazan, his duties there to start at his pleasure. He was finished with official "machines" of the *Heimatkunst* kind and never undertook another one after he won his degree. Like his master, Repin, his forte was portraiture and the human figure. From then on, his production was mainly portraits—of Russians of all races, of American Indians, Mexicans, Balinese, and of well-heeled Caucasians, whose women's charms he revealed with stunning virtuosity.

AS IT TURNED OUT, WINNING THE TRAVELING SCHOLARSHIP was more pleasurable than the actual trip he took to Germany, Austria, Italy, and France. Fechin may have seen his own *Sketch of a Woman* at the International Exhibition in Munich, a double honor as it had already been bought by the Imperial Academy for its permanent collection. But

Fechin and his bride lived at the edge of the forest near Kazan with their small daughter and milk cow.

COURTESY THE ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION PHOTO BY JAMES MILMOE

Indian Girl with Blue Shawl (above), *painted during the period 1927–1933, oil on canvas by Nicolai Fechin, 20" x 16"*

Indian Woman with Children (opposite), *c. 1926–1927, oil on canvas by Nicolai Fechin, 36" x 30"*

traveling alone and unable to speak any language but Russian, he felt dreary and homesick. He dutifully viewed museum masterpieces but came home at the end of summer and eagerly assumed his teaching duties in Kazan. This was in 1910, and in the same year his *Mademoiselle Sapojnikova* and a picture of his father were shown at the Carnegie International Exhibition in Pittsburgh, the first of his works to be seen in the United States. A French critic who reviewed the show wrote: "The portrait of Mlle. Sapojnikova can be considered as the most original production among all the pictures on exhibit...astonishingly colorful, interestingly finished...it is one of the most attractive works because of its individuality." An American critic concluded, "His portrait of Mlle. Sapojnikova reaped the laurels of a full triumph... the best of all portraits on exhibit."

Fechin was invited a second time to show at the International Exhibition in Munich in 1910 and sent *Bearing Away the Bride* (today in the permanent collection of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Oklahoma City) and a portrait sketch, both of which won critical and popular acclaim. The Carnegie Institute invited him to show at its international exhibitions of 1911, 1912, and 1913. After his work was seen abroad, Fechin began to receive letters from enthusiastic foreigners. Since he spoke no foreign language, he asked the director of the Art School of Kazan, his mentor Nicolai N. Belkovich, for help. The director's daughter Alexandra, then aged thirteen, had some knowledge of French and German and helped Fechin answer the letters. They were married in 1913, and although Alexandra was only sixteen at the time, Fechin relied more and more on her help and judgment. World War I brought an end to his communications with the world outside Russia. His status as a civil servant excused him from service in the army.

The following year the couple moved to a home in a kind of summer colony about twelve miles from Kazan, and there, together with their little daughter Eya and their cow Krasavka, spent the next seven years at the edge of a forest away from many of the drawbacks of life in a large city. However, Fechin fell ill, first of pneumonia and then of tuberculosis. His health appeared to be in danger, and when the American Relief Commission set up a branch in Kazan, some of his students persuaded the commission members to help the Fechins emigrate to the United States. The immigration quota was filled for years ahead, but with the help of two of Fechin's most enthusiastic collectors, W. S. Stimmel and J. R. Hunter, both of Pittsburgh, plus assistance from the Carnegie Institute and a member of the Congressional immigration committee, the Fechins obtained permission to enter the United States outside the regular quota.

The Fechins arrived in New York on the first of August in 1923. Mr. Stimmel and Aaron-Henry Gorson, an American artist who had been brought to this country from Russia as a child, met the family. Stimmel brought Gorson along to help communicate with the Fechins and to help them get settled. Stimmel took them to the Bronx where he lived and had a studio, and it was in this studio that Fechin painted his first pictures in the United States, a portrait of a negro girl holding

COURTESY THE ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION PHOTO BY MALCOLM VARON

COURTESY PENN GALLERIES LTD., SANTA FE

an orange and one of his little daughter lying on a table surrounded by still-life objects. It may have been in this studio that he painted the portraits of his old classmate David Burliuk and his wife, Marussia, who had come to the United States the previous year. Soon the Fechins found a good studio and living quarters on West 67th Street in Manhattan, an area favored by some of the more eminent painters. There, with plenty of artists' materials at his command for the first time in almost a decade and free from concerns of hunger and cold, and whether the cow was lost in the woods, Fechin set to work. He was impelled by his love of painting, as always, and in addition by the challenge of making a living from his art now that he was no longer a functionary of a state-run institution.

ONLY A FEW PEOPLE IN THE UNITED STATES were aware of Fechin before his arrival here, but his pictures brought forth the warmest tributes. Eighteen of his paintings were shown at the Brooklyn Museum, and thirty-two others formed an exhibition in New York City. In 1925 the Art Institute of Chicago gave Fechin a one-man show that caused critics to scatter glowing adjectives like a broken string of pearls. He also won the Thomas R. Proctor prize for portraiture at the National Academy of Design. Art dealers all over the country solicited work from him. Fechin taught a master class made up of artists recruited by Dean Cornwell, who was at that time the highest-paid artist in America. Sometimes Fechin would tell his students, jokingly, "Fine painting is simply a matter of putting the right colors in the right place on the canvas." In portraiture, Fechin advised that the most obvious feature of a face be accentuated.

Cornwell found Fechin's greatest gift to be his artistic credo. In addition to the emphasis of rendition over concept, Fechin demanded originality:

> Only that is new which is original. One cannot call the work of an artist new or original when he takes as his model the sculpture of an African savage, magnificent as it may be in its native creativeness, but ugly when produced by a civilized artisan. Nor is it true or original for a painter to imitate a child's drawing, wonderfully artistic in its natural naivete, but clumsy and uncouth at the hands of an adult. Even the beautifully painted work of an old master produces only an awkward semblance when copied.

Fechin made his own preliminary coating of the canvas from casein instead of the usual white lead and zinc or oil. It provided a dazzling foundation on which he used unmixed basic colors applied with a palette knife or brush. He often scumbled bright pure colors over darker paint and achieved an impression of jewels. His knowledge of human anatomy was prodigious. This is most obvious in his figure drawings, of course, but even under the volcanic surge of colors on his canvases, one is aware of the solid body underneath. Fechin's drawings are of exquisite calibre, poetic as well as naturalistic, but it is not his technical skill alone that accounts for his

Fechin's show in Chicago caused critics to scatter glowing adjectives like a broken string of pearls.

COURTESY FECHIN INSTITUTE, TAOS PHOTO BY GORDON ADAMS

Girl with Hand (above), *c. 1948, charcoal drawing by Nicolai Fechin, 15½" x 20"*

Ghost House at Red River (opposite), *painted during the period 1927–1933, oil on canvas by Nicolai Fechin, 30" x 25"*

COURTESY THE ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION PHOTO BY MALCOLM VARON

Fechin fell in love with Taos at first sight and began an unusual period of artistic accomplishment there.

Indian Summer, *painted during the period 1927–1933, oil on canvas by Nicolai Fechin, 30" x 36"*

fame: he felt compassion for his fellow men, especially for those who led lives of deprivation and toil. When Fechin chose the sitter, the portrait is like a biography. Some of his commissioned portraits are more formal statements, and lest we be led to believe that he was always at top form, it is almost a relief to report that his portrait of Commodore Matthew Perry is a dull thud.

In spite of high acclaim in New York, after a stay of about three years Fechin started to look for a new place to settle. John Young-Hunter, a portraitist, invited him for a visit in Taos, New Mexico, in 1926, and like other artists before him, Fechin fell in love with the place at first sight. The Indians who had fascinated Bert Geer Phillips and Ernest Blumenschein a few years earlier reminded Fechin of his Tartar neighbors in Kazan. In 1927 Fechin moved his family to Taos and rented a studio from Mabel Dodge Luhan, the local tutelary goddess who adored luring lions like him into her domain. Later, Fechin bought seven acres with a large house and studio and remodeled them in a style that would have

(Continued on page 62)

TAOS MAID

CAROL THORNTON
BRONZE, 15¾"
EDITION OF TEN

ALSO REPRESENTING
EARL BISS—OILS, LITHOGRAPHS
BERT SEABOURN—WATERCOLORS
DON CHUNESTUDEY—STONE SCULPTURE
NATHAN BEGAYE—FIRED CLAY SCULPTURE
DYANNE STRONGBOW—WATERCOLORS
RUSSELL SANCHEZ—POTTERY
MAURICE BURNS—OILS

CAROL THORNTON GALLERY

THE INN AT LORETTO
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO 87501
(505) 988-4659

Native Earth

Man's harmony with his surroundings

PHOTO BY JACK RICHARD STUDIO. COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

by Peter Matthiessen

AMONG INDIANS, THE CONCEPT OF AN ART separate from nature, of which life is part, is as unnatural as the idea of a life separated from religion. Rock painting, tent symbols, body paint, sand paintings, blankets, moccasins, belts, baskets, even jewelry, had signs that transmitted a teaching, and the most sacred signs were withheld from objects manufactured for the white man; for in a life that is not separate from religious experience, such objects may be dangerous, containing the power of a world in which there are no accidents. This power is not to be corrupted. To weave a basket is to reenact the process of creation, and the finished basket is the image of the universe. Only recently, in imitation of the white man, have Indians signed their work; they would approve of Georgia O'Keefe, who when asked, "Why don't you sign your work?" responded, "Why don't you sign your face?"

Since an art (or an artist) as something apart from daily existence is not recognized, "the basis for aesthetic judgment is mystical"; that is, it is rich or poor in quality according to the amount of power it can bring about. The words of songs were less important than the state of mind evoked, since these elevated states were protective and curative; in other words, these poem/songs were valued as much for the reaction in oneself as for the effect on others. All songs had a certain power, returning the singer to harmony with the life force, the Great Mystery, that permeates all of creation.

As a Blackfoot says: "I meditated often upon the powers in the air, water and earth. They are the great mysteries. Everything is done by them.... I spent hours on the hilltop and near the waters, meditating and watching the birds, animals and heavens."

All nature is sacred, therefore even "nature songs" are sacred. Songs and tales that are apparently recounted to entertain also help to account for strange things seen in daily life, or to reinforce the tribal history, or illustrate it; they are apt to be instructive, cautionary, practical. A Cree says, "The best storyteller is one who lets you live if the weather is bad"—in other words, if the story is about ice-fishing, there should be some instruction in it that a hungry listener might one day put to use. Even if the story is just funny, the laughter and happiness it brings are precious gifts in the long winter night, or in time of famine; among the Big Mountain Navajo, tales are only told in winter, when they are most needed.

The songs, too, whether vengeance songs or lullabies, were dedicated to specific ceremonies or occasions in order to bring a desired influence upon the outcome. For example, a man setting out upon a hunt might have a hunting song, and a song for the first sighting of his quarry, a song to be sung by his wife for his safekeeping, and many others. In addition, many Indians had a personal song, which was used to elevate the possessor to a place of awareness and spiritual power....

Indian existence is not separable from Indian religion, which is not separable from the natural world. It is not a matter of "worshipping nature," as anthropologists suggest. Nature itself is the primordial religion, and man is an aspect of nature; the concept of "religion" makes an unnecessary separation. Nature is "the Great Mystery," the "religion before religion," the profound intuitive apprehension of the true nature of existence attained by mystics of all ages, everywhere on earth: the whole universe is sacred, man is the whole universe, and the religious ceremony is life itself, the miraculous common acts of every day. Respect for nature is respect for oneself; to revere it is self-respecting, since man and nature, though not the same thing, are not different. Plants and animals that must be taken are thanked with ceremony and respect, and rocks are not moved carelessly from their own places. Every day, thanks are offered to the sun, air, and wind of the four directions, to the water that brings life, the mother earth, and nothing is wasted. And this respectful awareness of the world around, of its warnings and its affirmations, brings a joyous humility, a *simplicity,* that is also respect for the Great Mystery....

CHIEF JOSEPH OF THE NEZ PERCÉ once declared: "The Earth and myself are of one mind"—a fundamental realization of all mystics, and a widespread intuition among traditional peoples: true knowledge of the mother earth becomes true knowledge of the self. A Zen master says, "If you have truly understood a frog, you have understood everything." Western man, having lost touch with the earth, tends to belittle such ideas as Oriental mystification, but who has not had the sense at least once in his life that the trees were watching, or the mountains waiting? In our deepest being, where we still know that we are made of the same elements,

Sioux Quilled Vest, *left on the Wounded Knee Battlefield, South Dakota, on December 29, 1890. A beautiful example of combining art with a practical item, this elaborately decorated vest displays quillwork of the highest skill. The artist worked the pattern by carefully sewing flattened porcupine quills on the material. Replacing traditional Indian geometric designs, floral patterns were adopted from the white man.*

the same minerals as trees and mountains, we are all animists. Like it or not, we are manifestations of the Great Mystery, but we no longer pay attention in the way that traditional people do, and so we miss seeing the threads that bind together the temporary accumulations of energy that we call matter—seeing, that is, into the shadows of things, seeing with every sense, with a third eye. Shamans, like Zen masters, encourage disciples to drop all accumulation of mind, to see what is really there, freshly, and without preconceptions. An old Pueblo man says:

> You must learn to look at the world twice....First you must bring your eyes together in front so you can see the smoke rising from an ant hill in the sunshine. *Nothing* should escape your notice. But you must learn to look again, with your eyes at the very edge of what is visible. Now you must see dimly if you wish to see things that are dim—visions, mist, and cloud people...animals which hurry past you in the dark. You must learn to look at the world twice if you wish to see all that there is to see. (From *Ritual of the Wind* by Jamake Highwater [New York: Viking, 1977])

Today, physicists are rediscovering these threads, and their views of the *real* nature of existence seem to draw closer every year not only to ancient teachings of the Eastern sages but to the way of traditional people all around the world.

Einstein once remarked that, among all people, twelve-year-old children of the Uto-Aztecan language groups (which include the Hopi) were probably the best prepared to grasp his Theory of Relativity. The Hopi have no expression for "time," far less "past" or "future"; time is not linear but a circulating space where past, present, and future are always together. A Cheyenne elder: "Indians do not speak of the beginning as Christians do. They know nothing of the beginning, nor will they say that there is to be an ending." Similarly, Chief Crazy Horse did not say, "Today is a good day to die." What he said was, "Today is a good day to die, for all of the things of my life are here." Or (as Zen says), "Everything is right here now."

Indians do not make our life-killing distinctions between mind and body, between the sacred and the profane. In many Indian tribes, teachings analogous to Tibetan Tantra are expressed by sacred clowns or dancers who manifest the obscene and the perverse, the upside-down aspects of existence, in order to knock down the barriers of preconceived ideas and permit the initiated, at least, to glimpse the whole flux and interpenetration of existence; thus, they are the messengers between one way of seeing and another. For example, Hopi clowns wearing huge sex organs may simulate copulation right on top of a sacred shrine, as a demonstration of nonattachment to man's preconceived forms and ideas of religion; they break down the structure, the *appearances* of things, to reveal the essence within.

To the same end, a Zen master may shout at his students, "Kill the Buddha!" And the flow of energy between linear reality and the timeless, circular reality behind it, between one way of seeing and the other, is taken for granted by the Indians, who allow that silence that is needed for receiving perceptions that logic and mere words cannot explain—that utter silence which, as Black Elk said, is "the very voice of the Great Spirit."

The Indians approve of the natural world as it is, they do not try to dominate it, far less change it, nor do they think it matters much to understand it, or not, at least, in the white-man way of analyzing and trying to break down its fleeting parts; rather, they see it, that is, *apprehend* it, by opening themselves to the *orenda* power in the natural world, to the greater reality that underlies what we think we see. A Yurok holy man says (as a Zen master might say), "To see means to see what is actually there, what actually exists; not what you want to be there, but what is *really* there. It's all *seeing*."

A Mohawk friend sometimes asks me if there isn't a conflict between my interest in Indian religion and my training in Zen. Perhaps it is my ignorance, but I find no important conflict; each teaching illuminates the other. Indians place great emphasis on being attentive to the presence of the Great Mystery in every instant, and in all things; Zen, too, insists before all that we remain mindful of the present moment, the common miracles....

ON MANY OCCASIONS I HAVE SEEN EVIDENCE, among traditional peoples, of what seemed to be extraordinary eyesight. Years ago in New Guinea, I was high on a cliffside with an Ndani warrior. He was gazing a mile or more across a sort of river valley and swamp, toward a dense thicket. Although it was early in the morning, with poor light and dark shadow, he suddenly

Saddlebags, *Sioux, c. 1880–1890. Most basic Indian designs represented something meaningful to the artist, though the symbolism of the patterns on these decorated saddlebags is not clear today. The two smaller bags are called "possible" bags because they carried every possible thing. They were used for storage in the tipi as well as for saddlebags.*

Physicists' views of the *real*
nature of existence seem to draw closer
to the ways of traditional people.

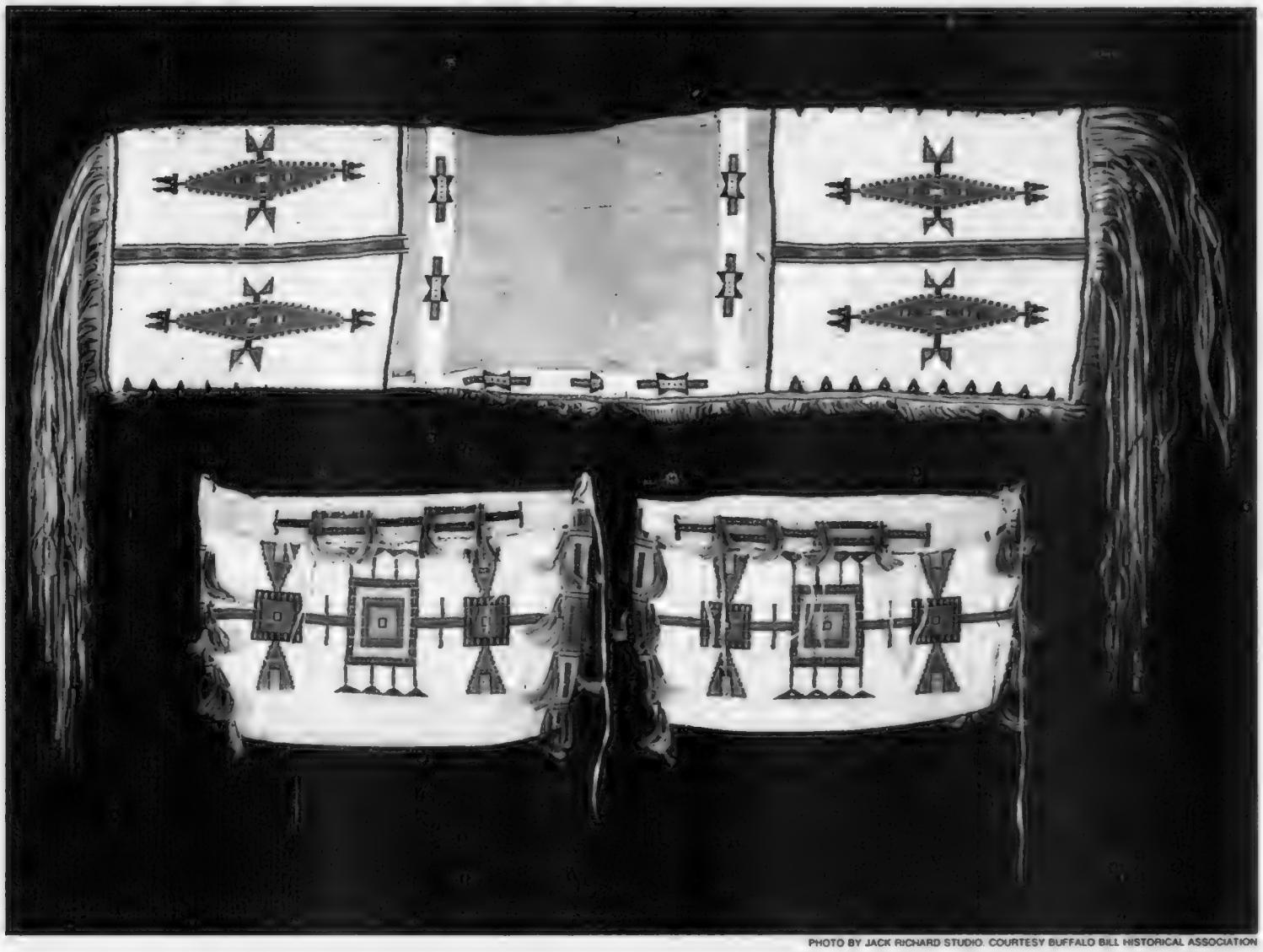


PHOTO BY JACK RICHARD STUDIO. COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

When science becomes a servant
of nature, the Golden Age in the memory
of all races will come again.

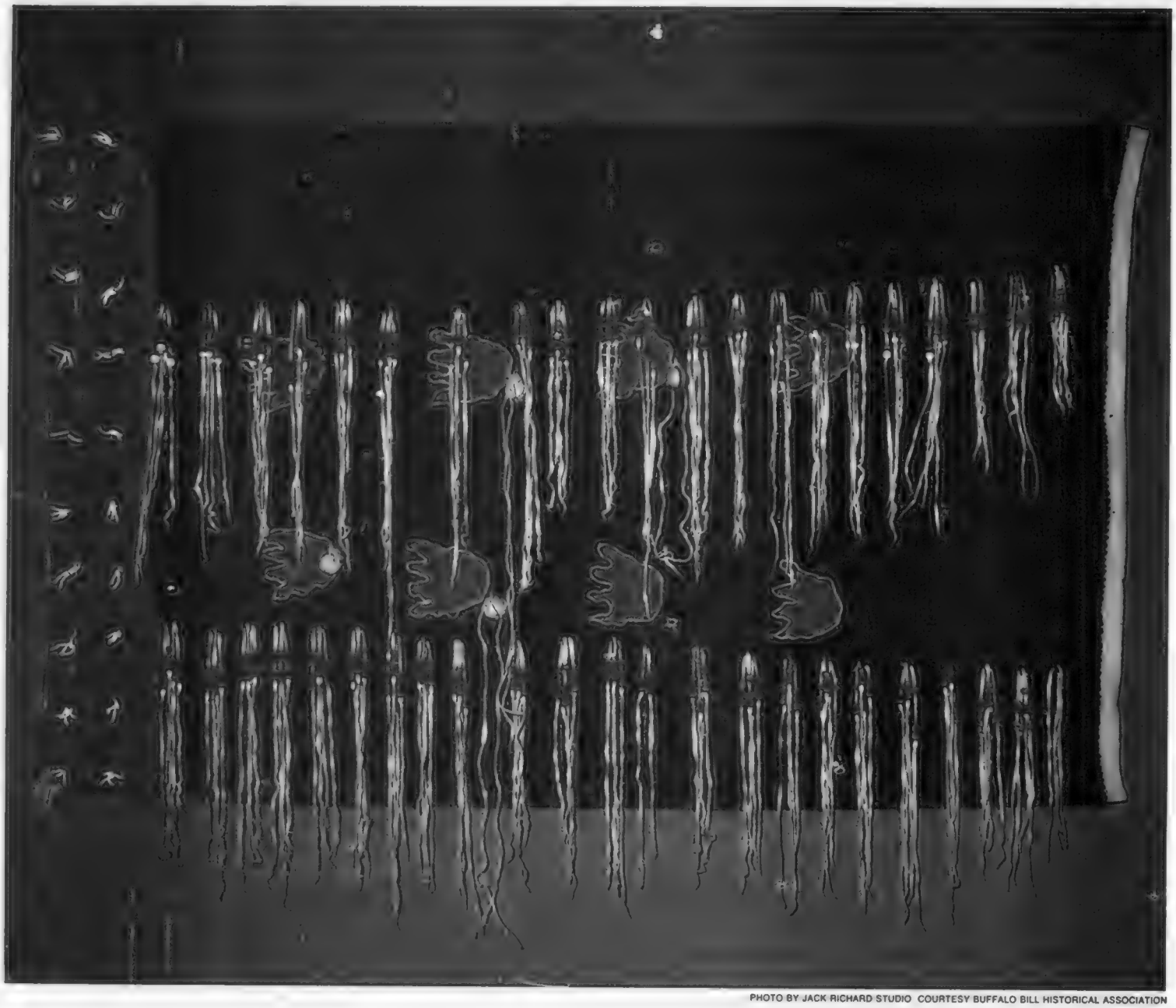


PHOTO BY JACK RICHARD STUDIO COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

said, "Enemy!" and sank into the bushes as he pointed. I could see nothing. Even with binoculars, I could not find the man until he pointed again. Finally I made out a dark naked figure in a tree shadow, absolutely still, gazing up at our hiding place. And I thought, "Damn! That's remarkable eyesight!" I could scarcely believe it.

Years later, at Lake Turkana, in the northern Frontier District of Kenya, I was going along the shore with a Molo tribesman. Ahead of us, off a small point at least a mile away, hundreds of boulders emerged from the shallow water. And this fisherman pointed at the boulders, saying, "Crocodile." All that can be seen of such a crocodile are the two nostrils, sometimes the crown—tiny lumps among hundreds of others. And suddenly I understood the miraculous eyesight of traditional peoples.

That warrior could not afford to miss that dark place in the thicket that was not a shadow. He didn't actually see "a man," but "a darkness" that didn't belong. Those people belonged to a war culture; they went to war, with spears and bows and arrows, nearly once a week, and they sent out raiding parties in between: he would not survive long if he ignored details in his home territory. And the fisher on the lakeshore saw no crocodile snout; he saw one rock too many in a pattern of rocks that in thousands of days had been imprinted on his brain. A bird establishing its territory memorizes its landscape; it knows where to find food, shelter, water, and how to travel it in the dark or in a hurry, and it sees everything that comes and goes; total awareness is the secret of holding the territory and even of survival. In cultures that are still close to the earth, survival may depend on noticing what is menacing or edible, and the people see better not because their visual apparatus is superior but because of an awareness of even the most minute change in their surroundings, the total awareness of a cat at a mousehole, not tense in any way, just empty of everything but readiness, so that when something changes in this field of awareness, it is noticed at once—*bang!*

That awareness born of "emptiness" is the source of a power known to shamans and sages alike: "When your mind is empty like a valley or a canyon, then you shall know the power of the Way."

We all have "power" to one degree or another, but it has withered with disuse, like our appendix, like the ability to run 100 miles in a single day. There are channels of communication, ways of seeing, for which our very limited idea of reality has no vocabulary, and there is nothing "supernatural" about these channels; they are natural attributes of mind that can be reopened through yoga or Zen meditation training, or by the Eskimo technique of carving big circles of soft stone, or by the dances of the Bushman and the Dervish and the Pueblo, which obliterate the structures of the intellect, allowing what an Indian has called "the big heart powers" to rush in. To perceive the true nature of existence was one reason for performing a vision quest: after four days of fasting alone on a high rock, in the great silence and solitude of earth, one is bound to discover that what was thought of as a separate self is not separate from the trees, the rocks, the hawk, the insect peoples, that beyond the senses lies a different plane of consciousness in which all is related, simultaneous, and one.

There are many paths or "ways" to this awareness; one need not be an Indian to arrive there. Indeed one must be careful not to romanticize Indian "powers" or spirituality, especially since most Indians have lost touch with the Old Ways. On the other hand, there seems no doubt that traditional peoples the world over have much to teach a spiritually crippled race which, as Lame Deer said, sees "only with one eye." This half-blindness has been the curse of the white people as long as the Indians have known us, but we have not always been accursed; at one time, we knew the *mysterium tremendum*. And we must feel awe again if we are to return to a harmonious existence with our own habitat, and survive.

As a first step, we might consider this Great Mystery that is all about us and in every moment; it is the music of the stars, the color of the wind, the dead stillness between tides at dead of night, birds, trees, feet, sea pearls and manure, and it is no less and no more strange or beautiful or scary than our life itself. When modern man has regained his respect for the earth, when science becomes a tool in the service of nature rather than a weapon to dominate it, then the lost Paradise, the Golden Age in the race memories of all people on earth will come again, and all men will be "in Dios," People of God.

Bear Society Flag, *an insignia typical of the Omaha and the Pawnee, c. 1865. Indian artists brought beauty to articles touching every phase of society. On this unusual flag, each of the esoteric symbols had a special meaning—the number of fringes, the number and position of paw prints, as well as the color of the cloth.*

An earlier version of this paper was delivered as the first Belkin Memorial Lecture at the University of California, San Diego, in the spring of 1979. *Copyright © 1980 by Peter Matthiessen. Used with permission.*

Peter Matthiessen'*s most recent book is* The Snow Leopard, *which received a National Book Award in 1979. He is presently at work on a study of business-government transgressions on American Indian sacred ground.*

Art Fry: Klondike miner

Eldorado still yields gold

by Norm Bolotin

ELDORADO! THE NAME CONJURES UP VISIONS of hidden treasures and Lost Dutchman mines. But there was a real Eldorado, an Eldorado that grudgingly yielded millions of dollars in gold; and today, it still yields enough of the bright yellow metal to keep miners digging.

Back in 1898, an estimated one hundred thousand people stampeded north to the Canadian Klondike in one of the greatest gold rushes the world has ever seen, and some $300 million in nuggets and dust—when gold sold for $15 an ounce—came from that rich ground. Today, miners still work the Klondike. Some of them, like Art Fry, have been around long enough to use both old and new methods and to witness succeeding generations drawn by the irresistible lure of gold.

The days of elbow-to-elbow miners were short-lived in the Klondike; by the early twentieth century most grubstakers had been replaced by huge mechanical dredges. When Fry gave up a promising career as a professional boxer and turned to mining in 1930, dredging was a full-fledged industry. The eighteen-year-old veteran of eighty professional fights signed on with the Yukon Consolidated Gold Company as a dredge operator. Working out of Dawson City, Fry received $5.50 a day for a twelve-hour shift. He has stayed on to see the death and resurrection of mechanized mining in the Klondike.

The claims Fry works today are crowded with ghosts of '98. He drives a Cat dozer through stream banks and hillsides where millionaires such as Tom Lippy and Clarence Berry ran their crews eighty years ago. The excavated hillsides resemble an ant farm, revealing a maze of old shafts, shored up with hand-hewn timbers. Shafts were sunk as deep as one hundred feet, at odd angles to one another, and miners descending into the narrow pits might bring up a dozen ounces of gold in a single bucket from the richest veins. Those primitive operations spell success for Fry today; the space between shafts still holds gold—tiny nuggets and small flakes locked in the dirt, rocks, and gravel.

Mining in 1900 was actually more complex than it is today. Mine owners ran hundred-man crews on the bigger, richer claims, and a tangle of sluiceways criss-crossed the ground. Crews worked through the winter digging ground thawed with bonfires or steam, stockpiling gravel. Then, when the spring thaw came, they shoveled the earth into the sluices and used spring runoff along with pumped river water to wash the gravel down through a set of graduated meshes, leaving the gold in the bottom of the fine-mesh boxes at the end. Fry still uses sluices, but instead of pick-and-shovel labor he and his son Dal use a bulldozer to push their stockpile up to the sluices. The final step in the work belongs to Fry's wife, Margie; she spends hours on end meticulously separating grains of sand from the gold.

Art Fry carries a homemade relic, perhaps used as a washtub during the 1898 gold rush. The weathered cabin, built at the turn of the century, is one of several where he stays while working his claims. Having mined the Klondike for over fifty years, Fry has seen various gold mining methods come and go.

Like most miners of the 1890s or 1980s, Fry is reluctant to talk about his clean-up. The best season, he says, was in the mid-1970s, when he pulled 325 ounces from his claims in a single year. That was not pure gold, either, but after painstaking sluicing, panning, and washing, Fry's typical yield is seventy-five percent pure. At prices of $70 per ounce, that translated into more than $17,000 for less than a half-year's hard work. With gold prices hovering in the $400-per-ounce range, a typical season's clean-up of more than 200 ounces now means a net of close to $60,000. Fry says he has been told that his claims are worth a couple of million dollars.

When he is not working his ground, Fry and his wife live a quiet existence on the outskirts of Dawson City, which was once the boomtown of the Klondike. In their warm and comfortable cabin—one room without running water—the dominant feature is an old piano, which Margie plays in the evening while Art relaxes. He coaches young boxers in his spare time and, when asked, cannot think of anything his life might be lacking.

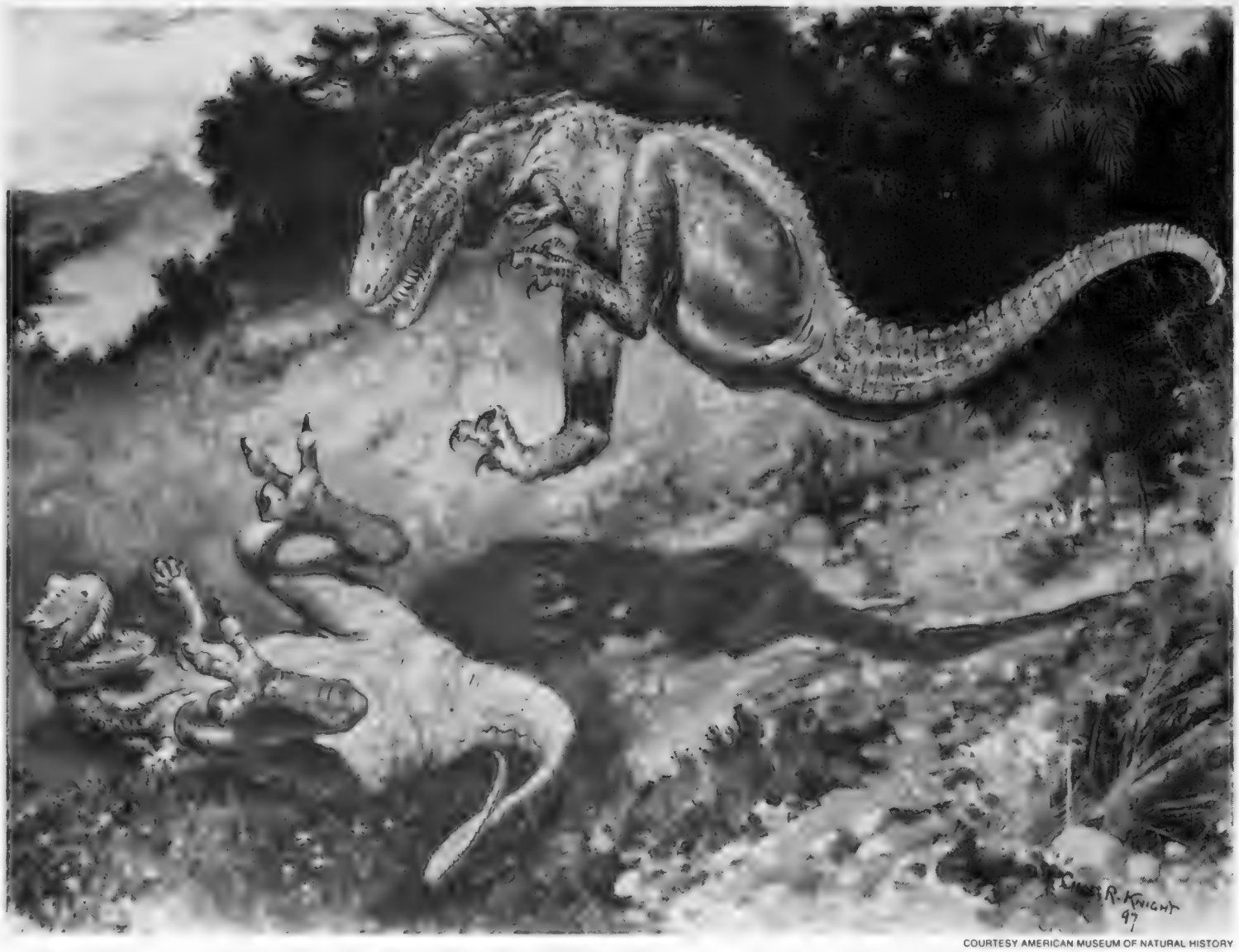
The Fry family has called many nineteenth-century cabins "home," including an abandoned mining company headquarters building. Fry still uses the old cabins when he is miles from Dawson City working his claims. The 1890s wooden structures are remarkably well built, if austere: dirt floor, rough wood walls, a window, a door, and virtually no furniture other than a bed, table, and chair.

While the Frys' Dawson City home is filled with family pictures, books, and memorabilia, Art decorates the old cabins with whatever junk he finds nearby. The area is still very rich in items that would delight a museum curator: handmade tools and furniture, magazines and newspapers from the turn of the century, silverware commemorating some long-forgotten event. There was even a six-foot mastodon tusk in one cabin until someone broke in and stole it. Now and then, as Fry and his son slice away the earth with their dozer, they exhume other remnants of the past: gold coins, buttons, lanterns, even an old wool union suit with a sack of Bull Durham tobacco still in its pocket.

Fry bemoans the "souvenir hunters"—such as the ones who took the tusk—and also the campers and backpackers who unthinkingly use boards from nineteenth-century cabins as firewood. They, like so many modern miners, come for a day, or a week, or a month, and ignore both Canadian law, which prohibits the removal of any artifacts from the country, and the memory of that once glorious Klondike.

Today, nearly seventy years old, Art Fry is somewhat of an anomaly in the "new" gold rush that began in the late 1970s. Fry is a throwback to the oldtimer—a man who loves the dirt he mines. There is something special about Fry and his rare camaraderie with the ground. It is a camaraderie that will always keep some miners in the Klondike, whether they ever find gold or not.

Norm Bolotin *has been writing about the Klondike and Alaska since 1973. His articles have appeared in a variety of publications, and his 1980 history book,* Klondike Lost, *won the Washington Governor's Award for Literature.*



COURTESY AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

The great bone war

O. C. Marsh and Edward Drinker Cope in the West

by Michael McNierney

The dramatic encounter pictured above is between eighteen-foot carnivorous dinosaurs (Dryptosaurus) *whose bones were discovered by Edward Drinker Cope in New Jersey in 1866. Other specimens were later found in Montana. This restoration, painted by Charles R. Knight in 1897, is considered inaccurate today both as to the great height of the leap and the intra-species combat.*

ON AN APRIL DAY IN 1877 TWO YOUNG MEN walked along a hogback ridge north of Morrison, Colorado, a small town in the foothills west of Denver. Arthur Lakes, an Oxford-educated schoolmaster and accomplished amateur naturalist, was taking a visiting friend from Connecticut to hunt fossil leaves in the Dakota sandstone that forms the crest of the ridge. At some point, Lakes glanced down the slope and saw embedded in the older Jurassic rocks there a strange object that would put Morrison on the international scientific map and rekindle the most notorious feud in the history of American science.

The object was a huge fossil vertebra. Over one hundred million years ago, when front-range Colorado was a coastal plain covered with tropical vegetation, the fossil was the living spine of a dinosaur. Lakes reported his find as the bone of "some gigantic saurian." *Dinosaur* was then a technical term, restricted to academic circles, but Lakes's discovery set in motion a chain of events that would make it a household word.

The young Englishman realized that he had found something of great importance and fired off a note to one of the two men who would know what to do with it, Professor Othniel Charles Marsh at Yale University. Unaccountably, the great man did not respond. Lakes sent three more letters

and a ton of bones—still no answer from Marsh. Lakes then did the one thing guaranteed to get things moving. He wrote to Professor Edward Drinker Cope in Philadelphia, also sending along some specimens. That simple act was like throwing a match into a keg of gunpowder.

The feud between the two paleontologists had arisen five years earlier from a clash of strong personalities in a field that by its nature encouraged and rewarded intense ambition and competition. Paleontology was a young, exciting, and important science, with few trained participants. It was on the front line of the controversy over evolution that exploded in 1859 with the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. The theory of "descent with modification," as Darwin called it, proposing the rise and extinction of life-forms throughout an unimaginable abyss of time, shattered the notion of a divinely ordained stability, revolutionizing biological science and capturing the public's imagination.

Popular fame and professional accolades awaited the discoverer of new fossil animals, particularly if the finds were dramatic—the larger and stranger the new beasts were, the more publicity they got. There was fierce competition in paleontology for supporting physical evidence, just as today there is competition in sciences with large popular followings. The situation brought strong personalities to the fore. All the excitement and potential glory were likely to exacerbate differences rather than inspire cooperation, and Marsh and Cope had differences in abundance.

Born the son of a poor New York farmer in 1831, Othniel Charles Marsh showed few signs as a boy of his later brilliance. His mother died when he was three, and he spent a confusing childhood being shunted back and forth from his father and stepmother to various uncles and aunts. As a teenager he showed some interest in collecting fossils, but all in all, he seemed to lack ambition and direction.

In 1852, however, Marsh's life changed. As if in fairy-tale compensation for a wretched childhood, great good fortune came to Marsh. First, he received a small settlement from his mother's estate that allowed him to attend Phillips Academy at Andover. Then a wealthy uncle, George Peabody the philanthropist, began to send money to Marsh now and then to help with his education. Peabody seldom had contact with his poor relatives; so, these gifts must have come as quite a shock to Marsh. O. C. as he called himself now, worked hard and excelled, determined to make the best of his good fortune. Before he graduated at twenty-five, far older than his classmates, he began laying plans for a future that would have been unthinkable a few years before.

Marsh easily persuaded Uncle George to finance his graduate education at Yale, where his maturity and meticulous work earned him the respect of his professors and pleased his benefactor. After finishing his studies at Yale in 1862, O. C. toured the museums and universities of Europe, buying fossils for his collection. On the way home, he stopped in London where Peabody was living. His uncle was as impressed with O. C. in person as he had been by the young man's letters. The result of the visit, after a series of negotiations and complicated arrangements, was the establishment of the Peabody Museum at Yale with an attendant professorship of paleontology.

In 1865, at the age of thirty-four, Marsh became the director of an important museum, with enough wealth to pursue the enjoyable task of filling it with fossils. He had come a long way from the confused, poverty-stricken teenager in rural New York. Perhaps because of so many years of having nothing and being nobody, Marsh was fiercely possessive of his scientific property, whether physical specimens or new species that he had named. He was developing into one of the preeminent scientists of the nation and would let no one get in his way or threaten his position once he attained it.

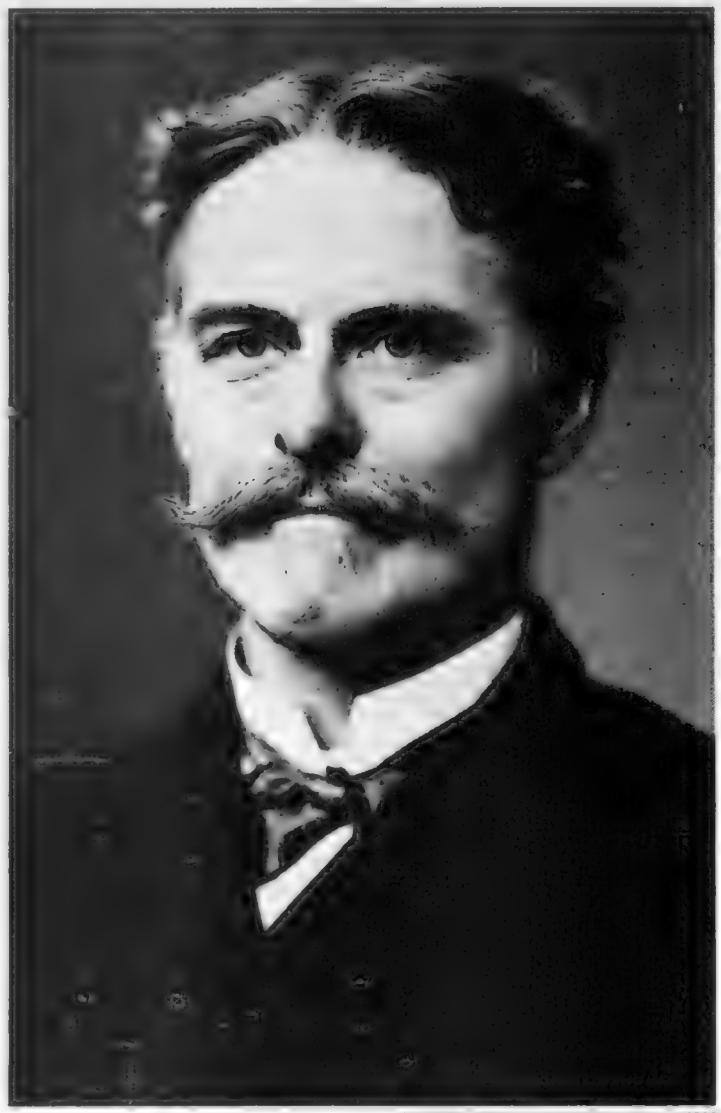
In 1870 Marsh launched his first expedition into the arid fossil fields of the West. With plenty of money behind him and official authority for all the help he needed from army posts, Marsh enjoyed great success. Ranging through fifty million years of the Tertiary age (the "Age of Mammals"), he examined rocks in Nebraska, Colorado, the Uinta Basin of Utah, and the Bridger Basin of Wyoming. On his way home, he took a break from hunting extinct mammals to shoot a few of their living relatives in a buffalo hunt conducted from a wagon. Late in the fall, he made a foray into earlier time in the Smoky Hill region of Kansas where he uncovered one of the most important finds of his career.

In the Cretaceous Niobrara chalk, Marsh discovered a strange hollow bone, unlike any he had seen before. In one of those leaps of imagination and logic that so astound the untrained person, he wrote a paper describing a pterodactyl, a flying reptile from the "Age of Dinosaurs" with a wing span of at least twenty feet. The next year, 1871, Marsh returned to the same spot, which he had marked with a cross, and excavated more of the skeleton, proving that his identification was correct.

That same year a rival—Edward Drinker Cope—entered the Smoky Hills. Nine years younger than Marsh, Cope was born the son of a Quaker farmer who intended that his boy should follow him in the godly profession of farming. But it was hopeless from the beginning. Cope was a child prodigy. At the age of eight he kept a journal and wrote passable scientific descriptions of fossils he had seen in a museum. Like Marsh, Cope possessed an iron determination, but where the elder man was slow and methodical, inclined to work through proper channels, Cope hungered for knowledge with a fiery impatience that would get him into trouble more than once. Cope did not bother with a formal education. He was personable and brilliant enough to meet the men he needed to meet and learn what he needed to learn without the security of matriculation and degrees. After work at the Smithsonian and study with Joseph Leidy, a famous paleontologist in Philadelphia, Cope made a quick tour of Europe, picking minds and taking notes as he went.

Cope published extensively in vertebrate zoology, but Darwinism turned his mind to the past and paleontology. Based on fragmentary fossil skeletons he collected in the East, Cope's first paper on paleontology was published in 1870. Thomas Huxley, the great British evolutionist

COURTESY PEABODY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, YALE UNIVERSITY



COURTESY AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Though strange at first blush, a battle over old bones was perfectly consistent with the time and place.

(Above, left) *Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale had gained a prestigious reputation in the field of paleontology when this photograph was taken about 1880. The competition between Marsh and his brilliant antagonist Professor Edward Drinker Cope of Philadelphia* (above, right, in 1889) *in their search for bones in the American West resulted in controversies that at times resembled comic opera. Their rivalry led to bitter accusations of theft, to spying, to invasion of each other's digs, and to confusion in identification of species that took other scientists years to sort out.*

and self-styled "Darwin's bulldog," was soon ranking Cope with his teacher Leidy. Cope heard of Marsh's discoveries in Kansas, and like immigrants and prospectors, he forsook the East for the greater promise of the West. He also embarked on life-long conflict with O. C. Marsh.

It is not surprising that trouble broke out between the two men. The West was a wide-open arena for personal aggrandizement, a cornucopia of beaver pelts, buffalo hides, gold, and land open for exploitation by men with enough guts and intelligence to take them. These two strong-willed scientists entered the fray but sought a different kind of treasure. Though strange at first blush, a battle over old bones was perfectly consistent with the time and place. The treasure was just a little more esoteric than that appealing to most people.

Edward Cope went to Kansas in the fall of 1871 to hunt mosasaurs. He had found isolated bones of the great Cretaceous marine reptile in the marl beds of New Jersey but hoped to discover complete skeletons in the Niobrara chalk. Not at all bothered that he was following in another's footsteps, Cope wrote to his father that Marsh had left plenty of fossils for him. Picking up a small escort at Fort Wallace and refusing the offer of personal firearms—"I hate the sight of them"—Cope proceeded to find twenty-four new species of mosasaurs and fifty-odd new species of other Cretaceous

COURTESY PEABODY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, YALE UNIVERSITY

Leaving their bright college years, these Yale men made up the expedition of 1872 under the leadership of O. C. Marsh. Armed for any encounter with man or beast, they sallied forth to the Bridger Basin of southwestern Wyoming "for God, for country, and for Yale," and played a part in the budding competition between paleontologists Marsh and Cope. Professor Marsh stands confidently at the center of the photograph. Seated, left to right, are: Charles D. Hill, Benjamin Hoppin, James MacNaughton, and Thomas H. Russell. The men standing on either side of Marsh are not identified.

animals, including four pterodactyls, all larger than Marsh's.

O. C. Marsh spent the following winter of 1871–1872 studying and writing up his finds of the previous season. In the rocks of the Bridger Basin in Wyoming he had found a series of Eocene mammals that were highly significant for the study of evolution because they were earlier and different from others previously discovered in North America.

THE SUMMER OF 1872 FOUND MARSH back in the Basin with a full crew of students from Yale and an army escort. By that time Marsh had come to think of the area as his personal domain. True, Joseph Leidy was there that year on his only trip to the West, but he was near retirement and anything but aggressive. Marsh saw no threat from his presence. But when Cope showed up, that was a different matter. Marsh saw his younger colleague as no better than a claim jumper. The fight was on.

Cope arrived at Fort Bridger early in July and immediately ran into difficulties. The place had been stripped of mules and wagons by Ferdinand V. Hayden's Yellowstone expedition, and it took three weeks for Cope to scrape together adequate transport, paid for out of his own pocket. Wisely deciding to avoid contact with Marsh, Cope headed east to the Washakie Basin, also full of fossil-rich Eocene rocks. In contrast to

COURTESY AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Naming a new animal in paleontology is sacred, a road to immortality. Whoever publishes first, prevails.

From the Judith River beds of Montana came this intimidating dinosaur Monoclonius, *described by Professor Cope in 1876. Shortly before his death in 1897, Cope personally directed Charles R. Knight in painting the above restoration. A matter of speculation, the skin of* Monoclonius *is now thought to have been smoother.*

Marsh's lavish expedition, Cope made do with two teamsters, a cook, and a guide.

The guide, self-styled "Sam Smith of the Rocky Mountains," was something of an enigma. An experienced "bone scout," he had previously worked for Marsh but this year hired on with Cope. Almost certainly he was still in Marsh's employ and acting as a spy. During the summer he sent several messages to Marsh, describing Cope's activities and discoveries. But another spy at the Fort wrote that Smith was double-crossing Marsh by showing Cope fossils that had been collected for the Yale professor. Whatever the motives of this paleontological double agent, Cope was certainly aware of Smith's divided loyalties and did not seem to mind. Sam was an entertaining companion and an excellent assistant.

During the summer and early fall of 1872, Cope covered an immense amount of territory in southwestern Wyoming. In his long letters to his family he speaks lovingly of the beauty of that harsh land and of its inhabitants. He describes sage hens, currants, the yelping of coyotes, three kinds of gnats (all vicious), as well as "monstrous" fossil mammals and "what appears to be a hoofed or hog-like mammal about as large as a red-squirrel." He met no Indians.

Mules and that only slightly less troublesome animal, the teamster, caused Cope constant headaches. Four of the

COURTESY PEABODY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, YALE UNIVERSITY

COURTESY PEABODY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, YALE UNIVERSITY

"Sam Smith of the Rocky Mountains" (above, left) *was a mysterious and popular bone scout who worked first for Marsh and then for Cope and quite possibly double-crossed both of them. Smith disappeared during the 1880s; when his skeleton was found, it indicated that he had been murdered. William H. Reed* (above, right, in 1879) *was one of two men responsible for the discovery of Como Bluff in Wyoming, where Marsh's crews made significant finds. A bright and capable field man, Reed remained loyal to Marsh. Later he became a curator at the University of Wyoming.*

independent-minded animals wandered off one night, and Cope sent Bill, the teamster, after them in the morning. Bill found the animals, but unfortunately he also found a bottle (or a jug, more likely) and stayed drunk for three days.

When not dealing with obstreperous two- or four-footed animals or writing letters, Cope spent the cool evenings working with his finds of the day. Far different was the methodical procedure of Marsh. In previous years Marsh would take careful notes in the field, then spend the following winter studying his specimens in the quiet of his study and carefully describing them for publication. But Cope worked like a man possessed. He also had a lot of catching up to do. He described his specimens on the spot and fired off notices of his finds by telegraph at every opportunity. The wires hummed with bizarre-sounding Greek names.

Naming a new animal is sacred in paleontology, a road to scientific immortality. The main rule is that of priority: whoever first publishes the description and name for a newly discovered creature claims it, theoretically forever. Cope's short papers, full of brief descriptions with new names, shattered Marsh's Eocene monopoly. In self-defense Marsh was forced to publish immediately, also. The two often described similar or identical species at nearly the same time, resulting in a taxonomic snarl that took other scientists years to sort

COURTESY PEABODY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY YALE UNIVERSITY

(Above) *Like Balboa on a peak in Darién, Benjamin Mudge sits silent, contemplating with awe the magnificent display before him. A collector for Marsh, Mudge ponders the tremendous bones of* Atlantosaurus *found by Arthur Lakes near Morrison, Colorado, in the spring of 1877. Marsh's people made important finds at Morrison, enabling Marsh to describe, among others,* Brontosaurus *and* Brachiosaurus. *The painting was done by Arthur Lakes.* (Opposite, top) *Digging for dinosaurs was not all work. In June of 1879 Arthur Lakes portrayed Professor Marsh* (right) *lunching leisurely with his collectors W. H. Reed and E. G. Ashley at Robber's Roost near Como Bluff in Wyoming.* (Opposite, bottom) Stegosaurus *from Como Bluff was painted by Charles R. Knight under the direction of Henry Fairfield Osborn. Paleontologists who question this and other reconstructions by Knight point out that dinosaurs may have stood with their legs directly under them, rather than sprawled out to the side, and may have carried their tails off the ground rather than dragging them.*

out. It did not help that Joseph Leidy was also working in the area.

The most spectacular fossils of the Wyoming Eocene were the uintatheres, medium to large size rhino-like herbivores with large skulls sporting knobby horns and long, curved tusks. Prior to the accumulation of relatively complete remains of these strange animals, their association and identification was frequently confused. The intense competition between Cope and Marsh plus their eagerness to determine characters and names for these strange animals provided an unprecedented setting for a "bone war." During the summer of 1872, within a period of two months, seven genera were named by Leidy, Marsh, and Cope for fossils now recognized as the remains of a single species, *Uintatherium anceps*.

ONE OF THESE "EXTRA" NAMES resulted from a garbled telegraph message sent by Cope in an attempt to beat his competitors to press. The name *Loxolophodon* (crested tooth) intended by Cope was received and published as *Lefalophodon*. A few days later Cope corrected the reference to *Lefalophodon*, and also described a third genus *Eobasileus* (dawn emperor) assigned by him to this uintathere. Fortunately, one of the names *Uintatherium* (Uinta beast) given by

COURTESY PEABODY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, YALE UNIVERSITY

COURTESY AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Leidy had been published about two weeks before the initial descriptions of Marsh and Cope; so, it has priority. The intense animosity between Marsh and Cope, coupled with their hasty and incomplete descriptions of these beasts delayed a satisfactory resolution for the name of this species until 1953, more than fifty years after the death of Marsh (1899) and of Cope (1897).

These and similar antics turned the two men, who had been cordial before, into bitter enemies. That winter Marsh accused Cope, in print, of predating his notices. Each accused the other, in letters, of stealing bones stored at railroad sidings. They pounced on each other's errors and blew them out of proportion. Marsh was so meticulous in criticizing his rival's work that Cope began referring to "the Professor of Copeology at Yale."

Though they continued to skirmish in print, the two men stayed out of each other's way for the next few years. Cope made important discoveries along the Judith River in Montana and in the San Jose badlands of New Mexico. Marsh made his mark in the badlands south of the Black Hills. Most of their work had so far been in Tertiary sediments and their contributions to the history of mammals.

But in the spring of 1877, Marsh received the four letters and that crate of dinosaur bones from Arthur Lakes in Colorado, and American vertebrate paleontology took a new turn. Why he did not respond immediately will probably never be known. Perhaps he was so consumed with his work on mammals that the magnitude of Lakes's discovery just did not sink in. But it certainly sank in when Marsh heard that Cope was involved. March wired his chief collector Benjamin Mudge to go to Morrison and begin excavations. Soon after, Marsh published a description of a dinosaur estimated to be the largest land animal yet known.

The discoveries of Marsh and Cope in 1877 placed dinosaurs firmly and permanently in the public mind.

Though disappointed, Cope recognized Marsh's precedence at Morrison and withdrew a paper he was about to publish on the bones that Lakes had sent him. But he did not have to wait long for his own dinosaur dig. By an extraordinary coincidence, he received a letter from another Colorado schoolmaster, O. W. Lucas, who had found bones along Oil Creek, northeast of Canon City.

Cope appointed Lucas his director of the Canon City dig and soon began to receive crates of Jurassic dinosaur bones. As soon as Marsh heard of Lucas's strike, he wired Mudge to go inspect "Jones's" dig (Jones was their code name for Cope). Mudge reported that Lucas was getting better specimens than their own in Morrison; so, Marsh ordered Mudge to transfer operations to Canon City. However, Lucas had found the best quarry sites in solid shale and clay. Mudge was forced to work in friable sandstone, and the bones he took out were often shattered and nearly worthless. Consequently, Marsh moved the operation back to Morrison. A few weeks later, a massive cave-in came within inches of wiping out the whole party, and work was abandoned for the season.

Cope received a huge amount of material from his dig, but he described very little of it. He had no museum or staff of technicians and worked at his house in Philadelphia, which simply had no room for dinosaurs. Many of his finds were still crated at his death twenty years later. Marsh, however, described, among many others, *Brontosaurus*, one of the most famous of all fossil animals, and *Brachiosaurus*, the largest of all dinosaurs.

Up to this time, dinosaurs were known from mere fragments in North America and from smaller Cretaceous animals in Europe. The discoveries of this year placed the great beasts firmly and permanently in the public mind. If the story had ended at that time in the rocks of Colorado, 1877 would still have been known as the "Year of the Dinosaur." But the best was yet to come.

In July of 1877 Marsh received another letter, this one describing a massive find of bones somewhere in Wyoming. The letter was cagey though blunt. Signed "Harlow & Edwards," it expressed the desire to sell the "secret" of

the fossils' location, and the tone made it clear that it would not go cheaply. Marsh bought a sample of bones and paid by check, which, as it turned out, could not be cashed because "Harlow & Edwards" was really W. E. Carlin and W. H. Reed, station agent and section foreman for the Union Pacific Railroad at Como, northwest of Laramie.

SAMUEL WILLISTON, MARSH'S FIELD MAN in Kansas and later a renowned paleontologist himself, was sent to investigate. In order to throw any lurking spies off the track, he let it be known that he was going to Oregon. His first message from Wyoming must have excited Marsh, for Williston reported that the bones "extend for *seven* miles and are by the ton." Como Bluff proved to be the richest dinosaur field yet discovered anywhere in the world.

Williston began the excavations and continued them through the harsh Wyoming winter, an unusual procedure. In the spring of 1878, a man calling himself Haines turned up at Como selling groceries but asking about bones. He was at first thought to be Cope himself, but this was disproven by the fact that his handwriting was legible. Haines was then assumed to be a spy, probably correctly.

While Reed turned out to be a skilled and loyal fossil collector for Marsh, Carlin soon deserted to Cope and began his own excavations. Reed was constantly on the lookout for trespassers, and when he had finished with a quarry, he would smash any remaining fragments to prevent Carlin from getting even the crumbs from Marsh's table. Two strangers appeared one day at a quarry to be welcomed by a shower of dirt and rocks from Reed. The two began their own digging, but each night Reed would bury what they had dug out. After four days of this, the strangers left.

Cope did visit the site for a day in August of 1879, and a mad scramble ensued to garrison all of the quarries. Primed by Marsh's propaganda to expect a veritable ogre, Arthur Lakes, who had been sent to reinforce the Como team, wrote to his employer that Cope was affable, good humored, and altogether a likeable man.

The Como quarries were worked until 1889, by which time both Harvard University and the University of Wyoming, as well as numerous freelancers, had collected there. Marsh got the lion's share of the fossils, of course, which, with the Morrison finds provided the core of the great collection in Yale's Peabody Museum and the basis for Marsh's masterpiece *The Dinosaurs of North America*. Many of the great dinosaurs whose names are household words today, at least among people under the age of thirteen, came from Como: *Diplodocus*, *Stegosaurus*, *Bronto urus*. Cope collected a

COURTESY PEABODY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, YALE UNIVERSITY

BOTH PHOTOS, COURTESY PEABODY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, YALE UNIVERSITY

beautiful specimen of *Allosaurus*, the famous carnivore of the Jurassic, which is now in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Marsh's last years were embittered by his quarrel with Cope. Of the two, no doubt he hated more deeply. The battle left the excitement of the fossil fields in later years for the sordid arena of politics. But Cope retained a sense of humor to the end; he had a special file labeled "Marshiana" for items relating to his rival.

Cope died in 1897 of an uncertain disease at home among his beloved bones. Marsh followed two years later of pneumonia after walking in a cold February rain.

O. C. Marsh and Edward Drinker Cope remain, in spite of their all-too-human frailties, among the greatest scientists this country has produced. Together, in their own fashion, they immeasurably deepened our understanding of life on earth. Vertebrate paleontologists are still building on the unshakable foundations they laid.

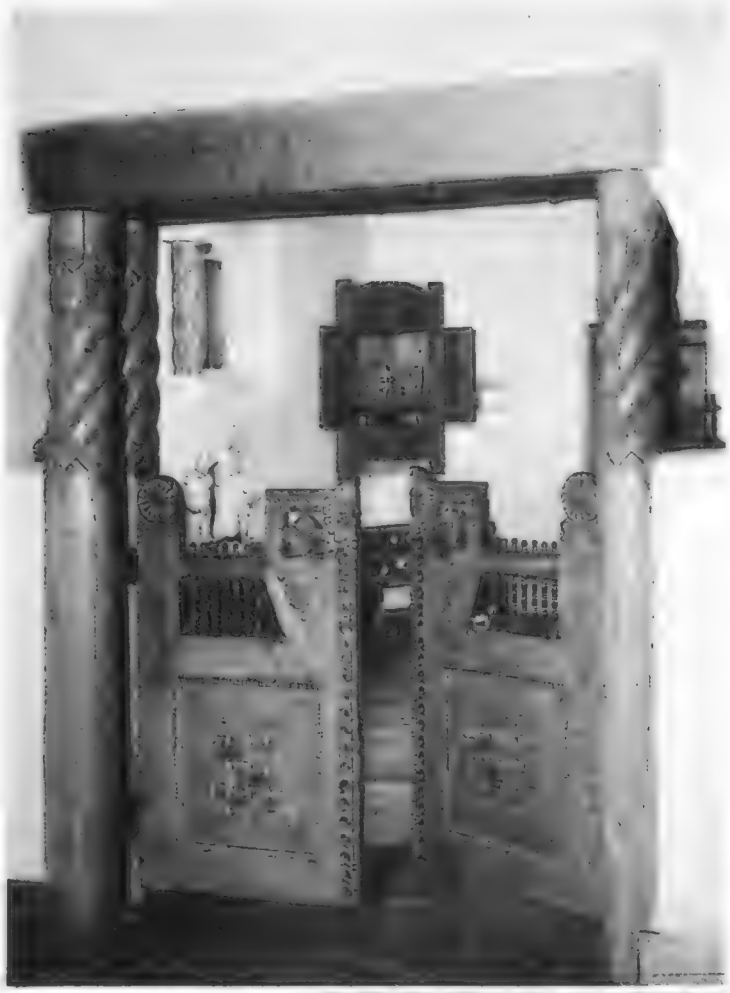
BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Good sources for Marsh and Cope are: Url Lanham, *The Bone Hunters* (1973). Henry Fairfield Osborn, *Cope: Master Naturalist* (1931). John H. Ostrom and John S. McIntosh, *Marsh's Dinosaurs: The Collections from Como Bluff* (1966). Charles Schuchert and Clara Mae Le Vene, *O. C. Marsh: Pioneer in Paleontology* (1940).

Michael McNierney *is editorial director of Johnson Books in Boulder, Colorado.*

(Above) *When O. C. Marsh reconstructed the skeleton of* Brontosaurus *he determined the skull* (above, top) *by using fragmentary fossil material found some distance from the* Brontosaurus *quarry, resulting in a head similar to that of* Camarasaurus. *Some years later an expedition from the Carnegie Museum of Natural History in Pittsburgh discovered a skull that is now considered the correct one for* Brontosaurus, *quite different in shape and tooth structure from the one that Marsh proposed. Within the last few years important museums have been acquiring casts of the "correct" head* (above, bottom) *to replace the inaccurate one.*
(Opposite) *Como Bluff, as seen from the west, was painted by Arthur Lakes in 1879. Robber's Roost is in the foreground. Lakes pictures himself at his sketch board while W. H. Reed, on horseback, directs their workers to the* Stegosaurus *Quarry.*

Fechin's remarkable portraits reveal the grandeur and misery of his subjects without being sentimental.



COURTESY FECHIN INSTITUTE, TAOS PHOTO BY GORDON ADAMS

Photograph (above) *of the dining room in Fechin's house in Taos, displaying works by the artist. The intricately carved doors, pillars, hanging shelf, and furniture were also crafted by Fechin. Recently restored by the artist's daughter, Eya Fechin Branham, the Taos house is now used for educational and cultural activities by the Fechin Institute.*

Balinese Girl (opposite, top), *1938, charcoal drawing by Nicolai Fechin, 13½" x 12½"*

Balinese Man (opposite, bottom), *1938, charcoal drawing by Nicolai Fechin, 19" x 14½"*

suited a boyar. He designed and carved the massive doors and vigas, the window frames, the mantels, and an impressive staircase. Fortunately, his daughter, Eya Fechin Branham, has restored the house to its former glory, and visitors are now welcome. The magnificent wood carvings shown in the background of Fechin's portrait *Pietro* are his own work.

Another Russian emigré, Leon Gaspard, was a member of the Taos colony during Fechin's years there. It was a bizarre twist of fate that these two Russian artists, born within a year of one another, should find themselves in Taos at the same time, so far from their motherland. Like Fechin, Gaspard dealt with ethnographic types in Russia and Taos, but he painted mostly landscapes with figures, whereas portraiture remained Fechin's main interest. Both men are highly esteemed, and no one would praise one at the expense of the other. They differed in personality: Gaspard was outgoing, a great storyteller—perhaps even a latter-day Baron Munchhausen; whereas, Fechin was silent and apt to be moody. Relations between the two artists were correct but nothing more.

FECHIN'S DAUGHTER RECOUNTS THAT HER FATHER was a quiet man, seldom speaking either in Russian or English. Though Fechin learned to read and speak English, the family used Russian in their home. Someone has told the story of trying to start a conversation with Fechin, who was seated with his legs crossed, and smoking a pipe. After anteing up all kinds of conversational gambits without being able to wring the slightest response from Fechin, his would-be interlocutor happily mentioned Dostoevski. After a brief interval, Fechin uncrossed his legs, took the pipe from his mouth, leaned forward and said, "*You* know Dostoevski?" and relapsed into silence.

Fechin sometimes went fishing, but he seldom went out in company. He did attend the annual parties given by Victor Higgins, as well as the classes in Dynamic Symmetry taught by Emil J. Bisttram, who came to admire Fechin as well as his work. Fechin's daughter rightly points out that the prodigious amount of work her father turned out, plus the wood carving, left him little time for social intercourse.

To a great extent, Fechin's work is his biography, as has been said of his countryman Anton Chekhov. Fundamentally, Fechin was a simple man and felt more at ease with unsophisticated natives than with some of the outlanders, a number of whom made a charade of leading the simple life. Although his daughter, Eya Branham, is devoted to his memory, he was probably not an easy man to live with. In 1933 Alexandra asked for a divorce. Fechin and Eya left Taos for New York where they stayed briefly before moving to California. Fechin held exhibitions and taught in Hollywood. Around 1936 he began to travel, first to Mexico, and then to more exotic places like Bali; he drew and painted in both places. The merest suggestion of stylization crept into his work at this time and remained a factor in his work without altering the esthetic content. Fechin was accompanied on his trips to the East Indies and to Japan by his friend Milan Rupert.

In 1948 Fechin purchased a handsome studio in Santa

Monica, California. He died in his sleep in Santa Monica on October 5, 1955, in the seventy-fourth year of his life, and was cremated.

Nicolai Ivanovich Fechin can be said to be in a line of "apostolic succession" from da Vinci, Michelangelo, Watteau, Ingres, and his master, Repin. As is generally the case with these great masters, our thoughts inevitably center on their transcendent skill as draughtsmen. We love and admire Fechin's virtuosity as a painter, but are filled with wonder at his consummate mastery of line. If Fechin had never painted a single picture, we should still hail him as a great artist because of his drawings.

Many of Fechin's admirers feel that the years in Taos were his best. His output was enormous and of superb quality. His pictures of Pueblo Indians and of local Hispanic types have a universal quality. No matter how poor, aged, or decrepit the subjects, Fechin endowed them all with human dignity, and glorified the human race. Some experts have compared his portraits to those of Rembrandt because of Fechin's ability to reveal the grandeur and misery of his subjects without being sentimental. In 1930 a critic in Los Angeles wrote that Fechin's paintings were "the most notable" ever shown there, that Fechin had "a technique worthy of Rembrandt," that his art was "truly a gift of the gods." Fechin was able to win the admiration of all kinds of people—proletarians and intellectuals as well as the socially and financially elite. This was all the more remarkable because it happened at a time when the avant-garde critics and artists set out to break down old forms.

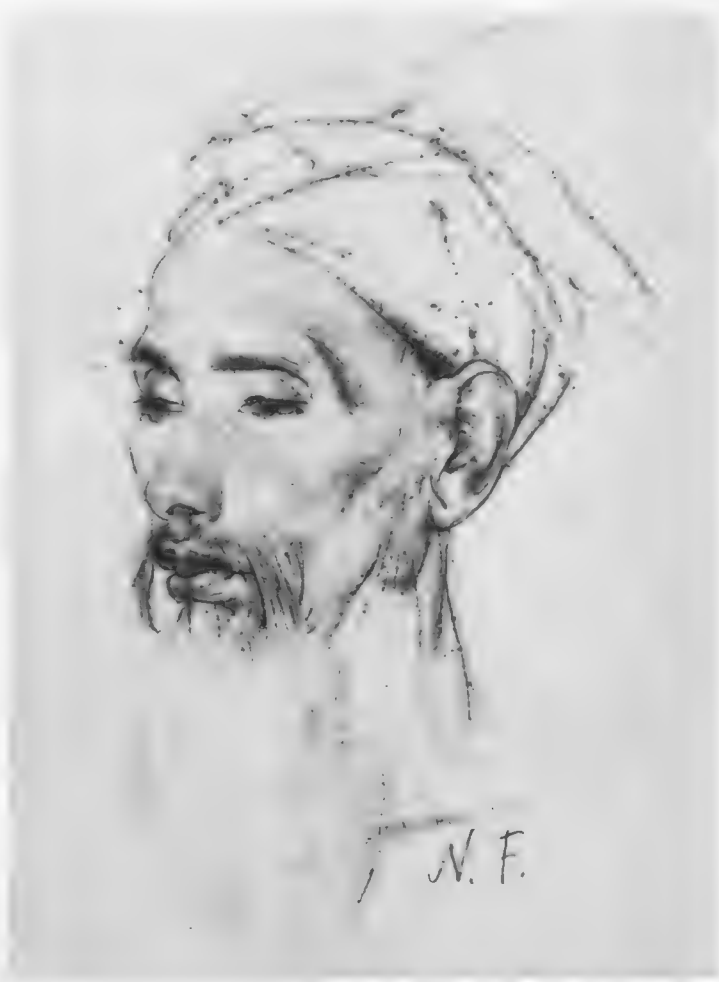
The truth is that in spite of his association with the people of the Southwest and other parts of the world, Fechin remained Russian to the end. His style was completely developed when he arrived in this country in his forty-second year, and it owed nothing to the land of his adoption. There was a refinement of technique and sensitivity that would have developed no matter where he lived. His example has inspired a number of fine contemporary artists, not the least of whom is Ramon Kelly of Denver.

In 1976 Fechin's daughter, Eya Fechin Branham, carried his ashes back to Kazan, his birthplace in Russia, where Fechin was once again interred, with honors bestowed both by the populace and the government. In the same year Mrs. Branham, with the help of Victor Hammer and Forrest Fenn, arranged an interchange of exhibitions of Fechin's works between the Soviet Union and the United States. The largest collection of the artist's work is in the museum in Kazan, and in the fall of 1981 an exhibition was held there celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of Fechin's birth.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge help in the preparation of this article from Dick Lynch, director of the Hammer Gallery in New York, from Mrs. Eya Fechin Branham, from Forrest Fenn of the Fenn Galleries in Santa Fe, and as always from the New York Public Library, the Frick Art Reference Library, and the Archives of American Art.

George Schriever *is curator of the Anschutz Collection.*

COURTESY FECHIN INSTITUTE, TAOS PHOTO BY GORDON ADAMS



COURTESY FECHIN INSTITUTE, TAOS PHOTO BY GORDON ADAMS

ROBERT E. SCHULZ

(1928-1978)

GRAND CANYON 22" x 28" OIL ON PANEL
APPEARED AS A ZANE GREY BOOK COVER

OTHER IMPORTANT WORKS INCLUDING: NED JACOB, KENT ULLBERG, HOLLIS WILLIFORD, RORY WAGNER, RAMON KELLEY, ROBERT SHUFELT, ERIC SLOANE, FRANK McCARTHY AND SHIRLEY THOMSON SMITH.

WITH SPECIAL COLLECTOR WORKS BY: NICOLAI FECHIN, EDWARD BOREIN, E.I.COUSE, WILLIAM R. LEIGH AND ALBERT BIERSTADT

QUAIL HOLLOW GALERIES

10964 NORTH MAY · OKLAHOMA CITY · OKLAHOMA 73120
405-755-3334

Yes, enter my personal subscription!

☐ One year, $15 ☐ Bill me

☐ Three years, $35 ☐ Payment enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

AMERICAN WEST is published every other month. Look for your first copy in 4–6 weeks.

12056

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 695 MARION, OHIO

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

American West
Subscription Dept.
Box 1960
Marion, Ohio 43306

I. E. Couse

"The Hunter" Oil on canvas 25" x 30"

American Art 1870 – 1940
Charles Burchfield
Gerald Cassidy
Childe Hassam
E. Martin Hennings
W. H. D. Koerner
E. H. Potthast
Carl Rungius
John Sloan
J.H. Sharp
Everett Shinn

Contemporary Western Art
John Clymer
Clark Hulings
Tom Lovell
Donald Teague
Howard Terpning

JOAN MICHELMAN LTD.

23 East 74th Street, New York, NY 10021 212 535-4624
By Appointment Only

CLARK BRONSON BRONZES

Calling the Pack 12"H x 16"L

If you would like to enjoy any of Clark Bronson's exquisite wildlife bronzes in your home or office, please write or call Janet or Audrey for a free brochure at:

CLARK BRONSON STUDIOS

17 Hitching Post Road AW1
Bozeman, Montana 59715
(406) 587-4868

15"x10"
Limited Edition: 28
Walnut base included

Sitting Bull

From the latest of Lorenzo Ghiglieri's oil paintings, "Amnesty," Sitting Bull, great leader, medicine man and revered Chief of the Sioux Nation is now exquisitely created in bronze.

© all rights reserved by the artist, 1982

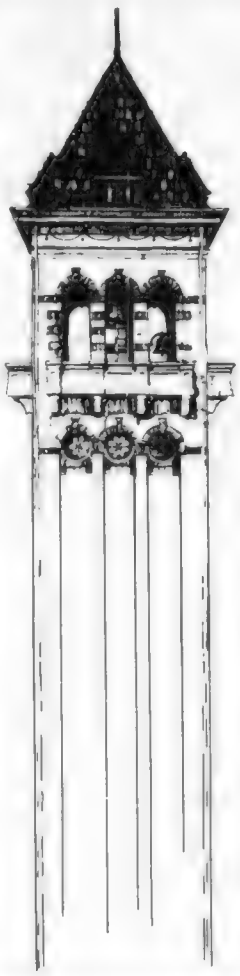
18"x14"
Limited edition: 48
Walnut base included

The Explorer

Peter Skene Ogden
Born in Quebec—1794
Died in Oregon City—1854
A living legend in his time, pioneer, explorer, adventurer. A true mountain man of the past. As a guide and trapper, his fine diplomacy and statesmanlike rapport with the American Indians is now history.

by Lorenzo Ghiglieri

Call or write . . .
Lorenzo Ghiglieri, Inc.
Suite B
133 S.W. Second Avenue
Portland, Oregon 97204



New Releases from Utah State University Press

The Diary of Charles Lowell Walker

edited by

A. Karl Larson and Katharine Miles Larson

Charles Lowell Walker began the first of his 12 diaries in 1854, about the time he arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah, and wrote his last entry in 1899 in St. George, Utah. An English convert to the Mormon Church, Walker writes of his impressions as a lay member of the Church. After spending 7 years in Salt Lake City, Walker was one of 250 men called "to go to the Cotton Country" in southern Utah to establish new settlements and raise cotton. Walker writes with passion and eloquence about polygamy, troubles eluding U.S. marshals, frustrations establishing new settlements. In the pages of his diaries, he quotes the leaders of his church—Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, and Erastus Snow—detailing sermons and quoting personal conversations. Biographical appendix. Index. $30.00.

For Christ Will Come Tomorrow:

The Saga of the Morrisites

C. LeRoy Anderson

A recounting of events that led to an episode in Utah history known as the "Morrisite War"—a violent confrontation in the 19th century between a group that had separated from the Mormon Church and a territorial posse—Anderson's book interprets the events, explains why they occurred, and details what happened to the Morrisites after the "war." The author analyzes this historic episode within a national and regional framework as well as a local one. He places the Morrisites within the larger context of 19th-century revivalism, documents their belief in the imminence of Christ's second coming, pinpoints their doctrinal similarities to and differences from the Mormons, and traces the development of Morrisite settlements in Utah, Idaho, and Montana. Bibliography. Index. $12.50.

Blazing Crosses in Zion:

The Ku Klux Klan in Utah

Larry R. Gerlach

Based on more than 100 oral interviews in addition to traditional literary sources, Gerlach's book is the definitive history of the Ku Klux Klan in Utah. Primarily an examination of the Klan in the 1920s, the book also treats the resurgent contemporary Klan of the 70s and 80s. Of special interest are the author's accounts of Klan activity at the town and county levels, portraits of individual Klan leaders, and an explanation of how Mormonism imparted a unique dimension to Utah Klankraft. The first comprehensive study of the Klan in a Great Basin State, *Blazing Crosses in Zion* is a case study of the Invisible Empire in the Intermountain West. Index. $17.50 Hardback, $7.95 Paper.

Utah State University Press, UMC 95, Logan, Utah 84322 • (801) 750-1362

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL NEBRASKAland DAYS

WESTERN and WILDLIFE *ART SHOW*

June 12 - 13 - 14, 1982 • The Holiday Inn • North Platte

SATURDAY, JUNE 12
Cocktails with the Artists
5:00 p.m.

Buyer's Invitational Preview and Sale
6:30 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.

SUNDAY & MONDAY
JUNE 13 - 14
PUBLIC EXHIBIT
9:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.

An Outstanding Collection of Western Art Presented by . . .

Jerry Antolik	Herb Mignery
Shirley Arrants	Vel Miller
Cliff Barnes	Jim Morgan
Dwayne Brech	Charlie Norton
Harry Brunk	Thomas Palmerton
Linda Budge	Rusty Phelps
Lee Cable	Larry Pirnie
Dan & Cat Deuter	Harvey Rattey
Steve Devenyns	Charles D. Rogers
Jack Gellatly	Jim Savage
Jan Goolsby	Patricia Scarano
Betty Haller	Bill Shaddix
Pamela Harr	James Spurlock
Renne Hughes	Martha Jane Spurlock
Dan Jordan	Doris Steider
Alan Kinney	Russ Vickers
Earl Kuhn	Herman Walker
Ted Long	Garland Weeks
Doug Marcy	Bob Wolf
Gerry Metz	Don Yandell

NEBRASKAland DAYS, Inc.
P. O. Box 706
North Platte, Nebraska 69101
(308) 532-7939

Please send invitation to the Special Buyer's Preview Sale and ____ tickets for Cocktails With the Artists at $15.00 per person

Check in the amount of $_____ enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

The Fiddleback: Lore of the Line Camp

Reviewed by T. H. Watkins

The Fiddleback: Lore of the Line Camp *by Owen Ulph (Dream Garden Press, Salt Lake City, 1981; 234 pp.; illus., glossary, $10.95 cloth, $6.95 paper).*

My grandfather was a turn of the century cowpuncher, among other things, and my teenage years were enriched by his tales of what it was like to ride drag on a herd, eating dust; how it was to smell the stench of branding time; of the horror involved in going into the brush after some maverick cow; of the quiet pleasure of a day's work well done, sitting by a juniper fire with a cup of coffee hot and strong enough to melt rivets. It was a trade he cherished and never forgot.

Emphasis here is on "trade," for the cowhand was a workman whose skills were no less sophisticated than those of a cabinet-maker. And he *worked*—worked dreadfully hard at hours and wages that would appall the average union member, in every kind of weather that nature could provide, dealing with the perversity of animals who instinctively knew that their main function was to be converted into edible protein for human consumption. The reality of his life was so far removed from popular misconceptions that it gives them the aura of demented fantasies.

All this I learned from my grandfather. I relearn it—and more—now in the pages of Owen Ulph's splendid book, *The Fiddleback*, far and away the best work on the cowhand's life since Andy Adams's *The Log of a Cowboy* (1903). The book's purpose is clear, as Ulph notes in his preface: "I am concerned ...with capturing the essence of a fragment of the past that has been forfeited to mass psychoneurosis and commercialism." He does precisely that, through a mix of memoir, anecdote, and a historian's perception, all of it presented with a spiky, idiosyncratic prose style and a sure ear for dialogue.

This is, as Tom Wolfe might say, the right stuff. Born in England, educated in America, a renowned lecturer at both the University of Nevada and Reed College in Oregon, Ulph now runs a horse ranch in the shadow of the Ruby Mountains of Nevada; he also spent several years in the 1950s as a working cowboy on The Fiddleback Ranch (hence the title) not far from where he now lives, and out of this experience he has crafted the essays which make up the book, some of which first appeared in THE AMERICAN WEST. They are peopled by an extraordinary cast of characters, all real: Ulph himself, stubbornly and sometimes painfully learning the trade; Jean Daniels, cowhand exemplar, teller of tall tales, defiant wearer of a railroad man's cap instead of the prescribed Stetson; Emma Rogers, crusty and utterly pragmatic owner of the Fiddleback; and a handful of others, all of whom exhibit what Ulph calls "gumption," a trait which he describes as "a refined crossbreeding of some questionable virtues and some unquestionable vices." They are a wonderful crew, "argufying" and philosophizing their way through the pages of the book, enduring the travails and vagaries of their job with the kind of stoic skepticism that assumes that things are going to get worse before they get better. And in the cowhand's trade, things usually did.

For all his attention to the cowhands themselves, Ulph does not neglect the animals who were the central fact of their lives—horses and cows. The horse was the principal tool of the cowboy, as we all know; but the animal was also a creature with massive personality flaws, skittish, intemperate when given the chance, fascistic when dealing with its own kind. "Every horse," Ulph writes, "should be branded with a swastika." Cows—or "critters," as Ulph defines them—were hardly better. Knowing full well that they were destined for a meat market (Ulph insists that there is much evidence that cows possess ESP), they were less than grateful for all the pampering given them; the first reaction of a cow after having been pulled out of a bog, he notes, was to try to hook the rescuing cowboy in the gut.

The characters and anecdotes enliven *The Fiddleback*, but what lifts the book above standard reminiscence is its philosophical content. Ulph has spent a lot of time thinking not only about what it was *like* to be a cowboy, but what it *meant* to be a cowboy—both to the individuals involved and to the community (the Fiddleback) which they represented. "Life on the Fiddleback was not simplistic primitivism," he writes. "Everyone was *civilized* in the ethical (fundamental) sense of the term.... A fraternal understanding existed among all the members of this small colony.... An impressive aspect of the Fiddleback outfit was the ability of the group to retain a high regard for individual character and initiative while demonstrating a spontaneous community of values and purpose in practice."

This is not the sort of musing one gets from the likes of Louis L'Amour (whose cowboys are pasteboard caricatures) or from academic historians (whose cowboys are reduced to statistical abstracts). Ulph's cowboys are real. So is the book.

T. H. Watkins, *a former editor of this magazine and for six years a Senior Editor of* American Heritage *magazine, is the author of numerous articles and fifteen books on the history of the West. He is now Editor of* The Living Wilderness *in Washington, D.C.*

New Bison Books

Indians of the Plains
By *Robert H. Lowie*
Preface to the Bison Book edition by *Raymond J. DeMallie*

Robert H. Lowie's *Indians of the Plains,* first published in 1954, was based on 50 years of observation, participation, and study. Today it remains unsurpassed as a detailed, suggestive, and concise overview of the Indian tribes between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. The preface describes new information that has emerged since the book first appeared. xxvi, 223 pages.
Paper BB 770 **$6.50** tent.; Cloth **$17.50** tent.

Beyond the Hundredth Meridian
John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West
By *Wallace Stegner*

A compelling narrative of the physical and political struggles of John Wesley Powell, one of the greatest explorers and preservers of the American West. "It is a complex story, but no man is better fitted by understanding and artistry to tell it than Wallace Stegner."—Mari Sandoz, *Saturday Review.* "Told in a clear, vigorous style illumined by flashing comparisons."—Angie Debo, *New York Times.* xxvi, 438 pages.
Paper BB 798 **$9.50** tent.

Cavalry Life in Tent and Field
By *Mrs. Orsemus B. Boyd*
Introduction by *Darlis A. Miller*

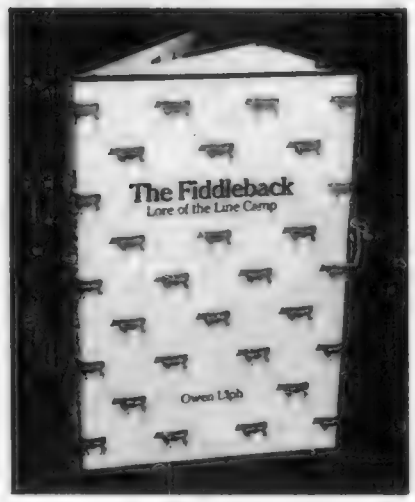
An army officer's wife describes the incredible hardships she faced during 18 years on the late 19th-century western frontier. This exceptional account conveys not only the vast landscapes of the Southwest, but the mettle of people such as the author herself. xviii, 396 pages.
Paper BB 793 **$7.50;** Cloth **$22.50**

Mountain Men and Fur Traders of the Far West
Eighteen Biographical Essays
Edited by *Leroy R. Hafen*
Selected, with an introduction, by *Harvey L. Carter*

This book brings to the general reader brief biographies of 18 legendary mountain men, selected from Leroy R. Hafen's 10-volume work on the subject. xvi, 392 pages. Paper BB 744 **$7.50** tent.

University of Nebraska Press
901 N. 17th Lincoln 68588

". . . the most unusual book ever written about the vanished life of this country's contribution to the light horsemen of the world."
W.H. Hutchinson *San Francisco Chronicle*



Owen Ulph has broken every convention of the hack and academic alike in his presentation of an open-range outfit *from the inside.* Don't miss the most humorous and insightful look at cowboys ever written.
$6.95 paper $10.95 cloth $35.00 limited, numbered edition. Available through Booksellers or Mail Order from DREAM GARDEN PRESS 1199 Iola Avenue Salt Lake City, Utah 84104
Mail orders please add $1.00 postage and packaging.

Adventure in the American West

KNIGHTS OF THE GREEN CLOTH
The Saga of the Frontier Gamblers
by Robert K. DeArment

DeArment reveals in this study of the historical frontier gamblers that the real Good Guys, Bad Guys, and their women were as interesting and exciting as the fictitious characters of Bret Harte.
432 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index. $17.50

DEEP ENOUGH
A Working Stiff in the Western Mine Camps
by Frank A. Crampton
Foreword by W.H. Hutchinson

In 1904, Frank Crampton ran away from home and eventually worked his way west. His autobiography is one of adventure and humor, of mines and miners; it is a colorful chapter in western history.
304 pp., illus., index. $16.95

MANY STRANGE CHARACTERS
Montana Frontier Tales
by James Willard Schultz (Apikuni)
Edited by Eugene Lee Silliman

Schultz, renowned for his works on the Blackfeet, was most perceptive of his frontier friends and their adventures. Here is a glimpse of the lives and stories of those characters in the true spirit of the American frontier.
160 pp. $10.95

AMERICAN NOTES
Rudyard Kipling's West
by Rudyard Kipling
Edited by Arrell M. Gibson

According to Gibson, Kipling's descriptions of America offer "a breezy, readable, surprisingly perceptive analysis of a primitive region poised on the threshold of modern times."
256 pp., illus., maps, notes, index. $9.95

Please write for our free catalog

University of Oklahoma Press
Dept. AW 1005 Asp Ave. Norman, OK 73019

A fur trade classic...
Fred A. Rosenstock
is proud to announce
the long-awaited new edition

Warren A. Ferris's

LIFE IN THE
ROCKY MOUNTAINS

"A diary of Wanderings on the Sources of the Rivers Missouri, Columbia, and Colorado, from February, 1830, to November, 1835."

This revised but complete edition of the original, edited by Paul C. Phillips and published in 1940, includes new material edited by LeRoy Hafen. Date of publication and price to be announced.

OLD WEST PUBLISHING CO.
1228 E. Colfax Ave.
Denver, Colorado 80218

GREAT PLAINS
QUARTERLY

The *Great Plains Quarterly* is a journal published by the Center for Great Plains Studies of the University of Nebraska–Lincoln. It publishes significant research and criticism in literature, history, Western art, Indian studies, and other fields that illuminate human experience in the region. Studies comparing the Great Plains to similar regions in other parts of the world are also published.

Subscription Form

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

U.S. Rates ☐ 1 Year/$12 ☐ 2 Years/$22

Return check and order form to: *Great Plains Quarterly*, 1214 Oldfather Hall, University of Nebraska–Lincoln, Lincoln, NE 68588.

WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

Boom Town Newspapers: Journalism on the Rocky Mountain Mining Frontier, 1859–1881 *by David Fridtjof Halaas (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1981; 166 pp., illus., map, notes, biblio., index, $14.95).*
The story of frontier editors who traveled the mining camps with their "shirttails full of type" makes exciting reading. The author's lively style is backed by thorough research into the fascinating lives of men whose promotional efforts played a vital role in building rough camps into settled communities.

The Master and His Fish: From the World of Roderick Haig-Brown, *edited by Valerie Haig-Brown (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1981; 202 pp., $15.00 cloth, $7.95 paper).*
Haig-Brown's clear, lyrical descriptions of fishing and nature will hold sportsmen enthralled and open to nonfishermen an understanding of the magic that draws men to cast for trout and salmon in hidden Western streams.

Gentlemen Emigrants; From the British Public Schools to the Canadian Frontier *by Patrick A. Dunae (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1981; 286 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $16.95).*
Dunae provides an entertaining look at British gentlemen who traveled to Canada during the nineteenth century to seek wealth and adventure or to escape scandal. The cricket bats and aristocratic habits they carried with them to ranches and frontier settlements made lasting changes in Canadian culture.

American Notes: Rudyard Kipling's West *by Rudyard Kipling, edited by Arrell Morgan Gibson (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1981; 191 pp., illus., map, notes, index, $9.95).*
These notes were made by twenty-three-year-old Kipling during a tour of the American West in 1889. Sent by his editor to "cool off" from some embarrassingly aggressive journalism in India, Kipling gave a unique, perceptive description of Western people and places he encountered. Included are notes from an interview with Mark Twain.

Chaco Canyon: Archaeology and Archaeologists *by Robert H. Lister and Florence C. Lister (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1981; 298 pp., illus., maps, notes, appen., index, $29.95).*
The excitement of archaeological discovery is captured in this detailed, well-illustrated account, which moves from the time when seventeenth-century Spanish soldiers first found the ruins at Chaco Canyon in northwest New Mexico through scientific analyses undertaken there in the 1970s.

Homestead Days *by T. Eugene Barrows (Brownstone Books, Chicago, 1981; 212 pp., illus., $17.95).*
This engaging account brings readers into the lives of Willard Barrows, his wife, and six children, homesteading on the plains north of Fort Benton, Montana, in 1910. Barrows's son Eugene now recalls fierce winters, summer picnics, wolves in the barnyard, the one-room schoolhouse, droughts, and evening chores. Accompanied by numerous charming old photos, this warm and simple reminiscence captures the experience of day-to-day fortitude and neighborliness in a demanding frontier land.

Mountain Dialogues *by Frank Waters (Ohio University Press, Athens, 1981; 247 pp., $15.95).*
Springing from Waters's life in rural New Mexico, these brief, powerful essays find in the mountains, the Indians, the silence, a repeated theme of man's inherent wholeness and oneness with the cosmos.

Lee's Ferry: A Crossing on the Colorado *by Evelyn Brack Measeles (Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, 1981; 142 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $12.95 cloth, $6.95 paper).*
This story of the succession of men and expeditions that crossed the Colorado River at

(Continued on page 73)

Frame House Gallery, Inc.

Publishers of Limited Edition Prints

Tally Gate by Bob Moline 975 SN $75

Morning Song and Winter Wolf
by Ron Turner 375 S/N $150 each

Main Street-Dodge City by Jodie Boren 975 SN $75

Breaking the SkyLine by Richard Luce 975 SN $80

Priming the Piece by Richard Luce 975 SN $80

Dealer inquiries invited. Call or write for information on how to become a dealer or to obtain the name of the dealer nearest you.

Frame House Gallery, Inc. / 110 East Market Street/Louisville, Kentucky 40202/502-587-7424

©Copyright Frame House Gallery, Inc. 1982

CARL RUNGIUS

1869–1959

"Moose" Oil 26 x 38

Ted and Christine Mollring
invite you to visit their newest gallery,
THE MOLLRING GALLERY,
at the Four Seasons Hotel, Houston Center,
Houston, Texas

Trailside Galleries

7330 Scottsdale Mall
Scottsdale, Arizona 85251
602-945-7751

SKY HARBOR INTL. AIRPORT
TERMINAL III
Phoenix, AZ 85034
602-275-3847

P.O. Drawer 1149
Jackson, Wyoming 83001
307-733-3186

Send for Catalogue $13.00 ppd.
For more information, please call 1-800-528-7340.

Books in Brief

(Continued from page 70)

Lee's Ferry brings together many threads of Western history. The fast-paced narrative touches crossings by John Wesley Powell, Buffalo Bill, and Zane Grey, as well as the Mormons, miners, and soldiers who were served by the ferry Lee started in 1872 not far north of the Grand Canyon.

Legends of the Yosemite Miwok, *compiled by Frank La Pena and Craig D. Bates (Yosemite Natural History Association, Yosemite National Park, California, 1981; 56 pp., illus., biblio., $24.95).*

"The Giant of Ah-wah-nee," "The Legend of Half Dome," and "How El Capitan Grew" are among the seventeen legends told in this exquisite book. Illustrated with brightly colored crayon drawings, these tales speak hauntingly of the Miwok Indian culture that once flourished in what is now Yosemite National Park.

Last of the Californios *by Harry W. Crosby (Copley Books, La Jolla, California, 1981; 206 pp., illus., maps, glossary, biblio., index, $22.50).*

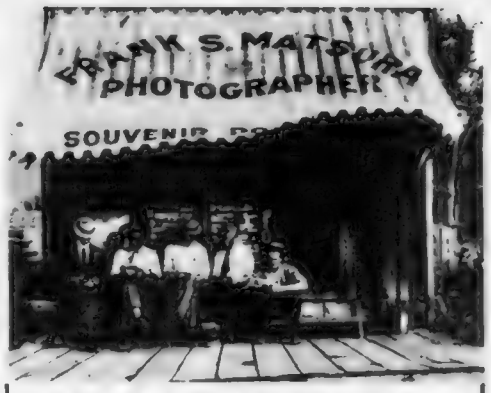
Interweaving history with present-day descriptions, this book examines the lives of Hispanic people whose ancestors settled in Baja California in the 1700s. The ways of these proud, independent ranchers have changed remarkably little from those of their forebears, who became isolated on the mountainous peninsula when California was partitioned in 1848.

Owen Wister's Medicine Bow, *text by Owen Wister, introductory essay and photographs by Tryntje Van Ness Seymour (Lime Rock Press, Salisbury, Connecticut, 1981; 96 pp., illus., $37.50).*

This beautifully designed book commemorates the eightieth anniversary of Owen Wister's *The Virginian,* which is often considered the first true "Western" novel. Set in Medicine Bow, the opening chapters of Wister's classic are juxtaposed with contemporary photographs that capture the moods of this Wyoming town still reminiscent of frontier days.

Death, Too, For The-Heavy-Runner *by Ben Bennett (Mountain Press Publishing Company, Missoula, Montana, 1982; 180 pp., illus., biblio., $14.95 cloth, $7.95 paper).*

The waning days of power for the Blackfeet Nation are recreated in this vivid narrative of events surrounding the Baker Massacre of 1870 on the Marias River in Montana.



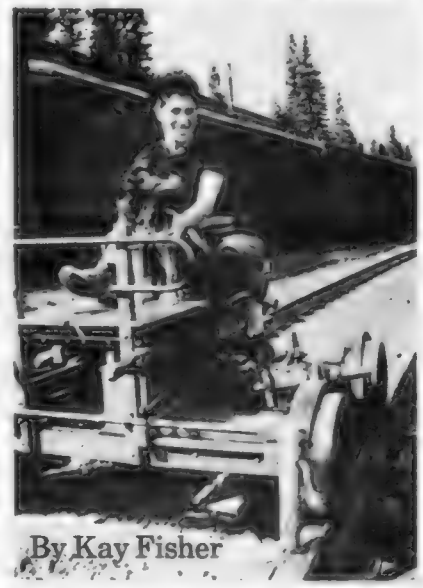
FRANK MATSURA
Frontier Photographer
by **Joann Roe**

You read about him in the last issue of American West and saw some of his delightful photographs. Why not own this beautiful book?

"Beyond reflecting the vitality of a world being carved out of the wilderness, Matsura's photographs carry the stamp of a highly individual wit."
—Popular Photography

Send $24.95 (plus $1.00 for postage. WA residents add sales tax.) to **Madrona** Publishers, Inc., 2116 Western Ave, Seattle, WA 98121

A Baggage Car with Lace Curtains



By Kay Fisher

"I read all night, couldn't put it down. My daughter won't give it back!"...Idaho.
"Should be required reading for young couples..." from a Wisconsin reader.
"Much enjoy your most precious book. I thank you..." a Tokyo railbuff.

Here is a humorous, captivating, true narrative of a young wife in a rolling railroad car home. Huge steam engines crash by her bedroom window. Trainmen, telegraphers, Mexican laborers, cattle, snow, the real side of railroading. Or a love story that almost ends in the middle!

$7.95 Postpaid. *(Calif. add 6% tax* $8.43)
B & K Fisher – Box 714-AW Colfax CA 95713

This is the 10th Indian Fritz Scholder ever painted.

INDIAN #10 1967 Fritz Scholder
Oil on canvas, 60" x 48" • $17,500 • Color photograph available
Ed Hill Editions 4120 Rio Bravo St. Suite 205 El Paso Texas 79902
Telephone 915-532-7165 • By appointment please

CHEYENNE FRONTIER DAYS
OLD WEST MUSEUM

"Some Days" — Robert Abbett

First Museum Purchase
First Wyoming Banks 1981

Second Annual

Governor's Invitational Western Art Show & Sale

Art Sale: July 22/**Art Show:** July 23 - Aug. 1, 1982

Art Sale Fee: $50 per person (includes catalog, reception at Governor's Mansion and refreshments at Sale). All proceeds to CFD Old West Museum.

Participating Artists

Fritz White • George Marks • Chuck DeHaan • Russ Vickers
Ted Long • Tim Cox • Gordon Snidow • Roy Kerswill
Duane Bryers • Bob Scriver • Harvey Johnson • Harley Brown
Conrad Schwiering • John Hampton • Jonathan Bronson
David Halbach • James Boren • Bill Owen • Richard Greeves
Joe Beeler • Dan Ostermiller • John Free • James Bama
Bill Nebeker • Nicholas Firfires • Wayne Baize • Glenna Goodacre
William Moyers • Fred Fellows • Robert Abbett
Bob Moline • Gary Niblett • William Whitaker

For complete details and ticket reservations, contact:
Cheyenne Frontier Days Art Show Committee
P.O. Box 2385M/Cheyenne, WY 82003/(307) 634-3323

growing up on this ranch. But it is getting harder every year to cope with the bureaucrats who try by every means possible to destroy the economic success of these ranches. They do this so that they can spend more tax monies to convert more land to the federal government for them to administer. Once the land is put into so-called wilderness, or Wilderness Study, the pristine value of the land is lost to the irresponsible public recreationists. It breaks my heart to see the damage and spoilage that has occurred to this beloved land that is in the "protective custody" of the bureaucrats. It was beautiful and good when it was administered by private ranchers who knew every foot of the land and loved it better than life itself. It is people like you who have been misinformed by propaganda put out by the bureaucrats, at taxpayers' expense, who perpetuate the land-grab by the federal government.

The state health department informs us that the headwaters of all streams in the Big Horn Mountains have been contaminated by bacteria which cause diarrhea and stomach-flu symptoms. This contamination was deposited by backpackers and their domestic dogs defecating at water sources in the Big Horn Wilderness. From the evidence, the well-fed hikers and their dogs are capable of more such deposits than the natives could manage in a hundred years!

I invite you to come visit a working ranch and learn the truth. This is not a dude ranch, and we have no gentle horses for you to ride around in a circle. But we would be glad to show you how the privately owned land is cared for and let you see the results of public damage in the nearby Wilderness areas.

Margaret Brock Hanson
Kaycee, Wy.

Winold Reiss

Dear Editor:

I was particularly impressed with the September/October 1981 issue which featured that fine write-up entitled "Winold Reiss, Painter of Plains Indians." It was an excellent composition by the son of Winold Reiss, W. Tjark Reiss, and art curator George Schriever. As a very young man I was greatly attracted by those colorful and authentic portraits of notable Blackfeet Indian people as painted by artist Winold Reiss. I was favored to collect the original yearly calendars that the Great Northern Railway used to advertise their rail service to Glacier National Park and featured a number of those outstanding Indian portraits done by this talented artist. I still have some of the calendars which date back to the late thirties and early forties.

Richard McColley
Zenith, Wash.

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Some editing of letters may be necessary in order to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

NICOLAI FECHIN
1881-1955

Portrait Of A Young Man
Charcoal on paper,
17½ by 13 inches.

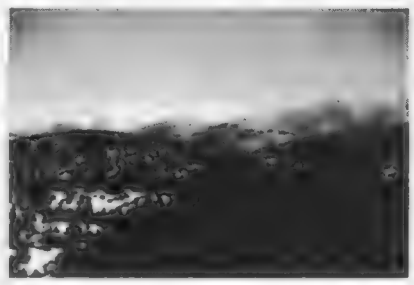
GERALD PETERS
Post Office Box 2524
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
505-988-8961

PLAINS INDIAN WAR SHIELD

is just one example of beautiful selection including peace pipes, mounted trophy bull buffalo skulls, war clubs & arrows, star quilts and more offered by exclusive source. Stunning decorations, memorable gifts, collector's items. True to artistic tradition of Plains Indians. Hand made with authentic materials. Many have interesting stones to tell. Call or write for free catalog.

PRAIRIE EDGE
Box 8303 Dept. CC Rapid City, SD
57701 (605) 341-3620

This time try the Española Valley



Bring your family to the heart of Northern New Mexico
Española:
City of Three Cultures

For tourist information & brochure packet, contact:

ESPAÑOLA
VALLEY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
417 Big Rock Ctr. Española, New Mexico 87532 (505) 753-2831

Lookout *(Continued from p. 13)*

COURTESY WICHITA RIVER FESTIVAL

was a new age of transportation on the prairies. . . . Or so the legend goes. May 8, in keeping with a Wichita tradition, the fanciful story of Windwagon Smith will be dramatized in an outdoor pageant as part of the 1982 Wichita River Festival. A spirit of imagination and innovation permeates the ten-day celebration, which includes hot-air balloon competitions, a camp-stove cooking contest, and antique bathtub races on the Arkansas River. Providing an exuberant climax to the festival will be a performance of the *1812 Overture* on May 15 by the Wichita Symphony Orchestra accompanied by cannons from Fort Riley, the City Carillon, and downtown church bells.

Historic Stereographs. Westerners who enjoy studying photographs of the past may be interested in attending the National Stereoscopic Association's annual conference. Nineteenth-century stereophotography in the West will be the theme of the meeting, to be held August 6 through 8 at the Convention Center in San Jose, California. A program of research papers, workshops, and slide presentations about historic and contemporary aspects of stereophotography is planned. Participants will also have a chance to see rare and historic stereographs on exhibit, including a collection that documents the building of the American transcontinental railroad in the 1860s. For information about registering, contact Lou Smaus, 668 Oakwood Court, Los Altos, California 94022.

Jazz Jubilee. In Sacramento, California, Memorial Day weekend means music in the form of the Sacramento Dixieland Jazz Jubilee. Now in its ninth year, the jubilee opens May 28 with an exciting parade of bands through historic Old Sacramento. Numerous jazz concerts follow at a variety of jazz centers around the city. Considered one of the world's great jazz festivals, the jubilee involves jazz musicians and vocalists from all sections of the United States and from many foreign countries.

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel,* that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do— with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Course. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far the most effective way to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace — testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. You may order one or both:

☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes, (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, $115.
☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes, (11½ hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, $98.

(Conn. and N.Y. residents add sales tax)

TO ORDER, JUST CLIP THIS AD and mail with your name and address, and a check or money order. Or, charge to your credit card (American Express, VISA, MasterCard, Diners Club) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

Many other FSI language courses also available. Write us for free catalog. Our 10th year.

Audio-Forum
Suite 405
On-the-Green,
Guilford, CT. 06437
(203) 453-9794

AUDIO-FORUM

Or visit our New York sales office. 145 E. 49th St., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) 753-1783

A *two-man show featuring these outstanding artists of the* American West.

MICHAEL COLEMAN

NEW PAINTINGS

GRANT SPEED

NEW SCULPTURE

Grant Speed "Wild Horses and Reckless Men"
bronze, edition of thirty, 28" high

NOVEMBER 5-19

PLEASE WRITE FOR A LIST OF AVAILABLE CATALOGS

Mongerson

FINE AMERICAN ART

620 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO 60611 (312) 943-2354

Hand Painted Ceramic Lamps

In the traditional Pueblo designs

by Mary Saxon, Navajo

Each lamp is a unique creation

Ht. 17½" (base only)

$125 plus $15 shipping
(shade not included)

VISA • MASTERCHARGE

To order call collect: 505/758-4309

or write to:
Barry Holfelder, Director
Holfelder Gallery
202 Paseo del Pueblo Sur, AmW
Taos, New Mexico 87571

Holfelder Gallery
Southwest & Indian Art

Custer Legends

By Lawrence A. Frost. Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press. Bowling Green, Ohio, 43403. 251 pp. 11 maps. Index. ISBN O-87972-180-4. $9.95 paper; $19.95 cloth.

A comprehensive evaluation/analysis of the many legends that have grown up about General Custer. Frost refutes the myth that Custer fathered a child by the Indian Monahseetah, and adds another analysis of the defeat at the "Last Stand." "A book that all students of Custer, ...'hostiles or friendlies' should have in their collection"—*Research Review* of the Little Big Horn Associates. "Different" and "engrossing"—CAMP, Aug-Sept. —"Highly Readable"—SABER. "Noteworthy"—American Library Association's *Booklist*.

AWC

Our full-color, 1982 AMERICAN WESTERN COLLECTION features 36 pages of the finest in western and historical art, including original paintings, bronze, porcelain and clay sculptures, and limited edition prints.

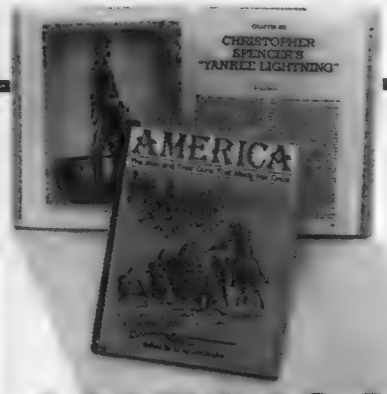
Dealer inquiries invited.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

THE AMERICAN WESTERN COLLECTION
2720 WEST MAIN STREET DEPT. 299A2
BOZEMAN, MONTANA 59715



AMERICA

THE MEN AND THEIR GUNS THAT MADE HER GREAT

Edited by Craig Boddington

Guns have been a catalyst to great events and personalities in American history. Sixteen respected historians and firearms experts discuss how the development of such technology has shaped American history. Articles by Col. Charles Askins, James Bellah, Jim Earle, Garry James, Merril Lindsay, Jack Lott and others are illustrated throughout with many never before published black & white photographs 200 pages. HARDCOVER. $19.95.

MANEATERS

by Peter Hathaway Capstick

Based on personal observations, historical anecdotes and current studies, the author looks at the feared maneaters and their impact on us all. The chilling reality of tigers, lions, leopards, crocodiles and even man himself is defined through personal experiences and classic episodes of the human wars waged against these animals. Illustrated throughout by noted artist Leon Parsons. 200 pages. HARDCOVER. $17.95.

PETERSEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Retail Sales Services
6725 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90028

Please RUSH me the books I have indicated below. My check or money order for $_____is included. Add $2.00 per copy shipping and handling. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. AW-A

☐ **AMERICA**—$19.95 ☐ **MANEATERS**—$17.95

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ZIP_____

Allow 6 weeks for delivery.

Index to Advertisers

Aesthetic Prints, Inc. 9
American Western Collection, The 78
Arena Fine Art Gallery 19
Audio Forum 76
B & K Fisher 73
Berlitz Publications, Inc. 7
Bert Seabourn 79
Bill Shaffer 9
Boot Hill Museum, Inc. 5
Boutwell Gallery Limited ..... IBC
Bowling Green State University ... 78
Cambridge University Press 19
Camillus Cutlery Co. 7
Carol Thornton Gallery 43
Cheyenne Frontier Days Old West Museum 74
Clark Bronson 65
Dream Garden Press 69
Early Winters, Ltd. 11
Ed Hill Editions 73
Enthios Gallery 16
Espanola Valley Chamber of Commerce 76
Fenn Galleries, Ltd. 25
Frame House Gallery 71
Gerald P. Peters 75
Gray Stone Press ..... BC
Great Plains Quarterly 70
Historic Providence Mint 15
Holfelder Gallery 77
International Bookfinders, Inc. ... 11
Joan Michelman 65
John Lane Gallery 17
Lenore Beran 1
Lorenzo Ghiglieri 66
Madrona Publishers, Inc. 73
Mongerson Gallery 5, 77
Nebraskaland Days 67
Northern Lights Gallery 10
Northland Press 16
Oregon Trail Fine Arts Gallery 8
Parke Gallery 16
Petersen Publishing Company 78
Prairie Edge 76
Quail Hollow Galleries 64
Red Rock National Park 11
Rosenstock Arts 70
Skybird Slide Sets 19
Trailside Galleries 72
Troy's Gallery 2
University of Nebraska Press 69
University of Oklahoma Press, The 69
Utah State University Press 67
Warner Collection, The ..... IFC

LITHOGRAPH

Medicine Spirit

An original lithograph, hand-printed using fifteen colors plus foil on Arches 29 × 22 inch paper, in an edition of 75. Each print signed and numbered by the artist.

Price: $450 (Plus $5.00 shipping)

ETCHING

Kingfisher Clan

An original line etching and aquatint hand-printed on Dutch Etch 24 × 22 inch paper with an image size of 18 × 16 inches, in an edition of 70. Each print is signed and numbered by the artist.

Price: $300 (Plus $5.00 shipping)

REPRODUCTION

Daughter of the Sun

An off-set poster reproduction from an original watercolor, printed on Mountie Matte Handmade 31½ × 22½ inch paper with an image size of 23½ × 18½ inches, in an edition of 1000. Each print is signed and numbered by the artist.

Price: $35 (Plus $5.00 shipping)

seabourn studio

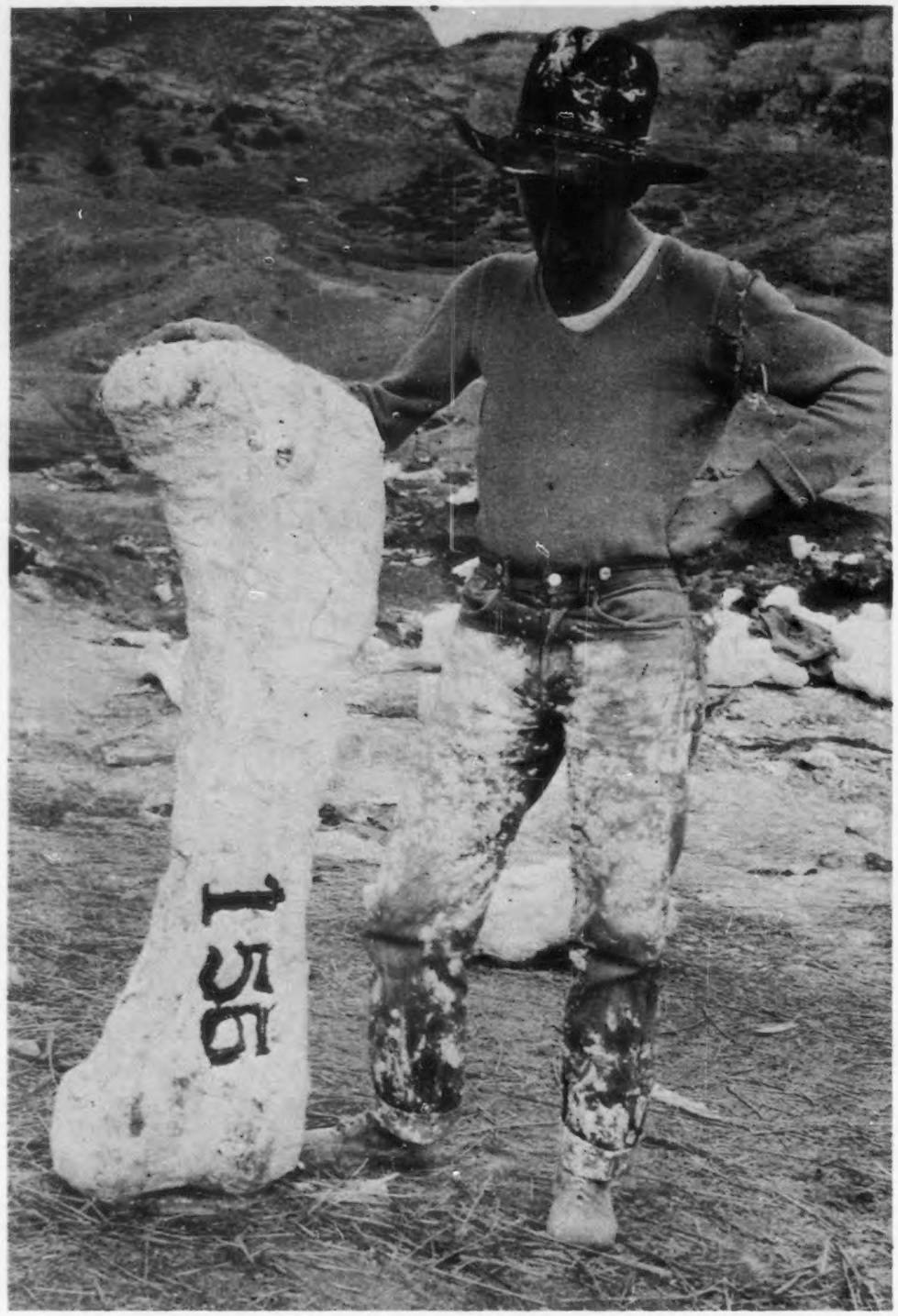
6105 Covington Lane / Oklahoma City, OK 73132

(405) 722-1631

Western Snapshots

In this intriguing photo from the summer of 1934, Dallas H. Hurst displays a dinosaur thigh bone at a dig site in northern Wyoming's Big Horn Basin. A protective plaster mold encases the bone which was discovered about forty miles east of Greybull. Hurst, a sheepherder in the area at the time, helped a team of scientists with the American Museum of Natural History by splinting and plastering the fossils for shipment by rail to New York. "It was very interesting work," recalls Hurst, our snapshot contributor. "After nearly fifty years, I have forgotten my wages which were probably one dollar a day or less."

The fossil deposit—first spotted during an aerial survey—proved to contain a variety of dinosaur bones, each millions of years old. Horse-drawn plows helped dig through the rocky terrain, but much of the work was done painstakingly by hand. Numbering each discovery was an essential part of the excavation. Hurst now lives in Spokane, Washington, but several years ago he went back to the site of his fossil adventure. He found weeds growing over this ancient dinosaur grave.



AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western snapshot is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs which tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited: so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

George Boutwell

FOR INFORMATION
ON THIS AND OTHER
ORIGINALS CONTACT

SHOWINGS BY APPOINTMENT
CATALOG OF LIMITED EDITIONS AVAILABLE

Boutwell Gallery Limited

3913 AVE. C
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78751
512/458-2124

JANUARY 14TH **ORIGINAL WATERCOLOR** **18″ x 40″**

500 SIGNED AND NUMBERED LIMITED EDITION PRINTS WILL BE AVAILABLE IN NOVEMBER, ADVANCE ORDERS GLADLY TAKEN.
$45 UNFRAMED. $110 FRAMED. PRINT SIZE: 11″ x 24″ ON ACID FREE PAPER.

FIRST OF YEAR

1982-1983 NATIONAL RETRIEVER CLUB STAMP & PRINT

13"x15" NAFC-FC LAWHORN'S CADILLAC MACK CASEIN

ABOUT THE STAMP/PRINT:

The National Retriever Club holds a special place in the advancement and growth of retrievers. Throughout the United States trained retrievers have always been a part of the national conservation effort. "Conserve game—hunt with a trained retriever." With these objectives in mind, nationally known wildlife artist, Phillip Crowe, has been selected to paint and design the first National Retriever Club stamp and print. The subject of the stamp and print is NAFC-FC Lawhorn's Cadillac Mack, the only living two-time National Amateur Champion. This stamp and print will be used to promote and help The National Retriever Club continue to be a strong force in the national conservation effort.

TOTAL SIZE: 13"x15" (Ample Margins)
PRINT: $125.00 (Each signed & numbered)
STAMP: $5.00
Print with watercolor remarque upon request; $250.00
$5.00 SHIPPING & HANDLING

Double Trouble

29"x21"
S/N 600 $75
Remarqued A/P $125
Shipping/Handling $5

Chuck Ren

Nationally acclaimed artist, Chuck Ren, has captured the West in his new painting, "Double Trouble." We feel very proud to be able to present this painting in a limited edition print. See your nearest Greystone dealer or please call us collect and we'll put you in touch with one.

If there is not an authorized Gray Stone dealer in your area, call us collect and we will put one in touch with you.
GRAY STONE PRESS • 205 LOUISE AVE. • NASHVILLE, TN 37203 (615) 327-9497